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ARTHUR GOWLEY.

From an Original in Lord Chesterfield's Collection

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Dec: 15th 1777

Cook sculp.^o

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ABRAHAM COWLEY.
VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANIES, || ELEGIACK POEMS,
EPISTLES, || PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES,
 &c. &c. &c.

Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward COWLEY held a lasting date:
For Envy's blast, and pow'rful Time, too strong,
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long:
In whom the double miracle was seen,
Ripe in his spring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feast of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, transplanted to the skies,
In verdure with th' Elysian garden vies,
The pride of earth before, and now of Paradise. —

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTIN.
Anno 1784.



THE LIFE OF
ABRAHAM COWLEY,

WRITTEN TO MR. M. CLIFFORD.

SIR,

MR. COWLEY, in his will, recommended to my care the revising of all his Works that were formerly printed, and the collecting of those papers which he had designed for the press; and he did it with this particular obligation, "That I should be sure to let nothing pass that might seem the least offence to religion or good manners." A caution which you will judge to have been altogether needless; for certainly, in all ancient or modern times, there can scarce any author be found that has handled so many different matters in such various sorts of style, who less wants the correction of his friends, or has less reason to fear the severity of strangers.

According to his desire, and his own intention, I have now set forth his Latin and English writings, each in a volume apart; and, to that which was before extant in both languages, I have added all that I could find in his closet, which he had brought to any manner of perfection. I have thus, Sir, performed the will of the dead; but I doubt I shall not satisfy the expectation of the living, unless some account be here premised concerning this excellent man. I know very well that he has given the world the best image of his own mind in these immortal monuments of his

wit; yet there is still room enough left for one of his familiar acquaintance to say many things of his Poems; and chiefly of his Life, that may serve for the information of his readers, if not for the increase of his fame; which, without any such helps, is already sufficiently established.

This, Sir, were an argument most proper for you to manage, in respect of your great abilities, and the long friendship you maintained with him: but you have an obstinate aversion from publishing any of your writings. I guess what pretence you have for it, and that you are confirmed in this resolution by the prodigious multitude and imperfections of us writers of this age. I will not now dispute whether you are in the right, though I am confident you would contribute more to our reformation by your example than reproofs: but, however, seeing you persist in your purpose, and have refused to adorn even this very subject, which you love so well, I beg your assistance while I myself undertake it. This I do with the greater willingness, because I believe there is no man who speaks of Mr. Cowley that can want either matter or words. I only, therefore, entreat you to give me leave to make you a party in this relation, by using your name and your testimony: for, by this means, though the memory of our friend shall not be delivered to posterity with the advantage of your wit, which were most to be desired, yet his praise will be strengthened by the

consent of your judgment, and the authority of your approbation.

Mr. A. Cowley was born in the city of London, in the year 1618; his parents were citizens of a virtuous life and sufficient estate, and so the condition of his fortune was equal to the temper of his mind, which was always content with moderate things. The first years of his youth were spent in Westminster-school, where he soon obtained and increased the noble genius peculiar to that place. The occasion of his first inclination to poetry was his casual lighting on Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, when he was but just able to read. That, indeed, is a poem fitter for the examination of men, than the consideration of a child; but in him it met with a fancy whose strength was not to be judged by the number of his years.

In the thirteenth year of his age there came forth a little book under his name, in which there were many things that might well become the vigour and force of a manly wit. The first beginning of his studies was a familiarity with the most solid and unaffected authors of Antiquity, which he fully digested, not only in his memory, but his judgment. By this advantage he learned nothing while a boy that he needed to forget or forsake when he came to be a man. His mind was rightly seasoned at first, and he had nothing to do but still to proceed on the same foundation on which he began.

He was wont to relate, that he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his teachers could never bring it to retain the ordinary rules of grammar. However, he supplied that want by conversing with the books themselves from whence those rules had been drawn. That, no doubt, was a better way, though much more difficult, and he afterwards found this benefit by it, that having got the Greek and Roman languages, as he had done his own, not by precept but use, he practised them not as a scholar, but a native.

With these extraordinary hopes he was removed to Trinity College in Cambridge, where, by the progress and continuance of his wit, it appeared that two things were joined in it which seldom meet together, that it was both early ripe, and lasting! This brought him into the love and esteem of the most eminent members of that famous society, and principally of your uncle Mr. Fotherby, whose favours he since abundantly acknowledged, when his benefactor had quite forgot the obligation. His exercises of all kinds are still remembered in that university with great applause, and with this particular praise, that they were not only fit for the obscurity of an academical life, but have been shown on the true theatre of the world: there it was, that before the twentieth year of his age he laid the design of divers of his most masculine works, that he finished long after: in which I know not whether I should most commend, that a mind so

young should conceive such great things, or that it should be able to perfect them with such felicity.

The first occasion of his entering into business was the elegy that he writ on Mr. Harvey's death, wherein he described the highest characters of religion, knowledge, and friendship, in an age when most other men scarce begin to learn them. This brought him into the acquaintance of Mr. John Harvey, the brother of his deceased friend, from whom he received many offices of kindness through the whole course of his life; and principally this, that by his means he came into the service of my Lord St. Albans.

When the Civil war broke out, his affection to the King's cause drew him to Oxford, as soon as it began to be the chief seat of the royal party. In that university he prosecuted the same studies with a like success: nor, in the mean-time, was he wanting to his duty in the war itself, for he was present and in service in several of the King's journies and expeditions. By these occasions, and the report of his high deserts, he speedily grew familiar to the chief men of the Court and the Gown, whom the fortune of the war had drawn together; and, particularly, though he was then very young, he had the entire friendship of my Lord Falkland, one of the principal secretaries of state. That affection was contracted by the agreement of their learning and manners: for you may remember, Sir, we have often heard Mr. Cowley admire him, not

only for the profoundness of his knowledge, which was applauded by all the world, but more especially for those qualities which he himself more regarded, for his generosity of mind, and his neglect of the vain pomp of human greatness.

During the heat of the Civil war he was settled in my Lord St. Albans' family, and attended her Majesty, the queen-mother, when, by the unjust persecution of her own subjects, she was forced to retire into France. Upon this wandering condition of the most vigorous part of his life he was wont to reflect as the cause of the long interruption of his studies: yet we have no reason to think that he lost so great a space of time, if we consider in what business he employed his banishment. He was absent from his native country above twelve years, which were wholly spent either in bearing a share in the distresses of the royal family, or in labouring in their affairs. To this purpose he performed several dangerous journies into Jersey, Scotland, Flanders, Holland, or wherever else the King's troubles required his attendance: but the chief testimony of his fidelity was the laborious service he underwent in maintaining the constant correspondence between the late king and the queen his wife. In that weighty trust he behaved himself with indefatigable integrity and unsuspected secrecy: for he ciphered and deciphered with his own hand the greatest part of all the letters that passed between their Ma-

jesties, and managed a vast intelligence in many other parts, which for some years together took up all his days, and two or three nights every week.

At length, upon his present Majesty's removal out of France, and the queen-mother's staying behind, the business of that nature passed of course into other hands. Then it was thought fit, by those on whom he depended, that he should come over into England, and, under pretence of privacy and retirement, should take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this nation. Upon his return he found his country groaning under the oppression of an unjust usurpation; and he soon felt the effects of it: for while he lay hid in London he was seized on by a mistake, the search having been intended after another gentleman of considerable note in the King's party. Being made a prisoner, he was often examined before the Usurpers, who tried all imaginable ways to make him serviceable to their ends. That course not prevailing, he was committed to a severe restraint, and scarce, at last, obtained his liberty upon the hard terms of a thousand pound bail, which burden Dr. Scarborough very honourably took upon himself. Under these bonds he continued till the general redemption: yet taking the opportunity of the confusions that followed upon Cromwell's death, he ventured back into France, and there remained in the same station as before, till near the time of the King's return.

This certainly, Sir, is abundantly sufficient to justify his loyalty to all the world, tho' some have endeavoured to bring it in question, upon occasion of a few lines in the preface to one of his books. The objection I must not pass by in silence, because it was the only part of his life that was liable to misinterpretation, even by the confession of those that envied his fame. In this case, perhaps, it were enough to allege for him, to men of moderate minds, that what he there said was published before a book of poetry, and so ought rather to be esteemed as a problem of his fancy and invention, than as the real image of his judgment; but his defence in this matter may be laid on a surer foundation. This is the true reason that is to be given of his delivering that opinion. Upon his coming over he found the state of the royal party very desperate; he perceived the strength of their enemies so united, that, till it should begin to break within itself, all endeavours against it were like to prove unsuccessful. On the other side, he beheld their zeal for his Majesty's cause to be still so active, that it often hurried them into inevitable ruin. He saw this with much grief: and tho' he approved their constancy as much as any man living, yet he found their unseasonable showing it did only disable themselves, and give their adversaries great advantages of riches and strength by their defeats. He therefore believed that it would be a meritorious service to the King, if any man who

was known to have followed his interest could insinuate into the Usurpers' minds, that men of his principles were now willing to be quiet, and could persuade the poor oppressed royalists to conceal their affections for better occasions: and as for his own particular, he was a close prisoner when he writ that against which the exception is made; so that he saw it was impossible for him to pursue the ends for which he came hither, if he did not make some kind of declaration of his peaceable intentions. This was then his opinion; and the success of things seems to prove that it was not very ill grounded; for certainly it was one of the greatest helps to the King's affairs, about the latter end of that tyranny, that many of his best friends dissembled their counsels, and acted the same designs, under the disguises and names of other parties.

This, Sir, you can testify to have been the innocent occasion of these words, on which so much clamour was raised: yet seeing his good intentions were so ill interpreted, he told me, the last time that ever I saw him, that he would have them omitted in the next impression, of which his friend Mr. Cook is a witness. However, if we should take them in the worst sense of which they are capable, yet, methinks, for his maintaining one false tenet in the political philosophy he made a sufficient atonement, by a continual service of twenty years, by the perpetual loyalty of his discourse, and by many of his other writings, wherein

he has largely defended and adorned the royal cause. And, to speak of him not as our friend, but according to the common laws of humanity, certainly that life must needs be very unblameable which had been tried in business of the highest consequence, practised in the hazardous secrets of courts and cabinets, and yet there can nothing disgraceful be produced against it, but only the error of one paragraph, and a single metaphor.

But, to return to my narration, which this digression has interrupted. Upon the King's happy restoration Mr. Cowley was past the fortieth year of his age, of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestuous condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation: he had been present in many great revolutions, which, in that tumultuous time, disturbed the peace of all our neighbour-states as well as our own: he had nearly beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind: he had lived in the presence of princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessary for one that would condemn it aright; for to scorn the pomp of the world before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill manners than a true magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with

a long compliance to foreign manners. He was fatiated with the arts of court : which sort of life, tho' his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forego all publick employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which, in the greatest throng of his former business, had still called upon him, and represented to him the true delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and of a moderate revenue, below the malice and flatteries of Fortune.

At first he was but slenderly provided for such a retirement, by reason of his travels, and the afflictions of the party to which he adhered, which had put him quite out of all the roads of gain : yet, notwithstanding the narrowness of his income, he remained fixed to his resolution, upon his confidence in the temper of his own mind, which he knew had contracted its desires into so small a compass, that a very few things would supply them all. But, upon the settlement of the peace of our nation, this hinderance of his design was soon removed ; for he then obtained a plentiful estate, by the favour of my Lord St. Albans, and the bounty of my Lord Duke of Buckingham, to whom he was always most dear, and whom he ever respected as his principal patrons ; the last of which great men, you know, Sir, it is my duty to mention, not only for Mr. Cowley's sake, but my own ; tho' I cannot do it with-

out being ashamed that, having the same encourager of my studies, I should deserve his patronage so much less.

Thus he was sufficiently furnished for his retreat; and immediately he gave over all pursuit of honour and riches, in a time when, if any ambitious or covetous thoughts had remained in his mind, he might justly have expected to have them readily satisfied. In his last seven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possessed that solitude which from his very childhood he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of profit or preferment. His visits to the City and Court were very few; his stays in Town were only as a passenger, not an inhabitant: the places that he chose for the seats of his declining life were two or three villages on the bank of the Thames. During this recess his mind was rather exercised on what was to come, than what was passed; he suffered no more business nor cares of life to come near him than what were enough to keep his soul awake, but not to disturb it. Some few friends and books, a cheerful heart, and innocent conscience, were his constant companions. His poetry, indeed, he took with him, but he made that an anchorite as well as himself; he only dedicated it to the service of his Maker, to describe the great images of religion and virtue where-

with his mind abounded; and he employed his musick to no other use than as his own David did towards Saul, by singing the praises of God and of Nature, to drive the evil spirit out of men's minds.

Of his Works that are published it is hard to give one general character, because of the difference of their subjects, and the various forms and distant times of their writing: yet this is true of them all, that in all the several shapes of his style there is still very much of the likeness and impression of the same mind; the same unaffected modesty, and natural freedom, and easy vigour, and cheerful passions, and innocent mirth, which appeared in all his manners. We have many things that he writ in two very unlike conditions, in the University and the Court: but in his poetry, as well as his life, he mingled with excellent skill what was good in both states. In his life he joined the innocence and sincerity of the scholar with the humanity and good behaviour of the courtier. In his poems he united the solidity and art of the one with the gentility and gracefulness of the other.

If any shall think that he was not wonderfully curious in the choice and elegance of all his words, I will affirm with more truth on the other side, that he had no manner of affectation in them; he took them as he found them made to his hands; he neither went before nor came after the use of the age. He forsook the conversation, but never the language, of the City and

Court. He understood exceeding well all the variety and power of poetical numbers, and practised all sorts with great happiness. If his verses in some places seem not as soft and flowing as some would have them, it was his choice, not his fault. He knew that in diverting men's minds there should be the same variety observed as in the prospects of their eyes; where a rock, a precipice, or a rising wave, is often more delightful than a smooth even ground or a calm sea. Where the matter required it, he was as gentle as any man; but where higher virtues were chiefly to be regarded, an exact numerosity was not then his main care. This may serve to answer those who upbraid some of his pieces with roughness, and with more contractions than they are willing to allow: but these admirers of gentleness without finews should know that different arguments must have different colours of speech: that there is a kind of variety of sexes in poetry as well as in mankind; that as the peculiar excellence of the feminine kind is smoothness and beauty, so strength is the chief praise of the masculine.

He had a perfect mastery in both the languages in which he writ; but each of them kept a just distance from the other; neither did his Latin make his English too old, nor his English make his Latin too modern. He excelled both in prose and verse; and both together have that perfection which is commended by some of the Ancients above all others, that they

are very obvious to the conception, but most difficult in the imitation

His fancy flowed with great speed, and therefore it was very fortunate to him that his judgment was equal to manage it. He never runs his reader nor his argument out of breath. He perfectly practises the hardest secret of good writing, to know when he has done enough. He always leaves off in such a manner, that it appears it was in his power to have said much more. In the particular expressions there is still much to be applauded, but more in the disposition and order of the whole: from thence there springs a new comeliness, besides the feature of each part. His invention is powerful, and large as can be desired; but it seems all to arise out of the nature of the subject, and to be just fitted for the thing of which he speaks. If ever he goes far for it, he dissembles his pains admirably well.

The variety of arguments that he has managed is so large, that there is scarce any particular of all the passions of men, or works of Nature and Providence, which he has passed by undiscussed: yet he still observes the rules of decency with so much care, that whether he inflames his reader with the softer affections, or delights him with inoffensive raillery, or teaches the familiar manners of life, or adorns the discoveries of philosophy, or inspires him with the heroick characters of charity and religion; to all these matters, that are so wide asunder, he still proportions

a due figure of speech, and a proper measure of wit. This indeed is most remarkable, that a man who was so constant and fixed in the moral ideas of his mind, should yet be so changeable in his intellectual, and in both to the highest degree of excellence.

If there needed any excuse to be made, that his Love-verses should take up so great a share in his Works, it may be alleged that they were composed when he was very young: but it is a vain thing to make any kind of apology for that sort of writings. If devout or virtuous men will superciliously forbid the minds of the young to adorn those subjects about which they are most conversant, they would put them out of all capacity of performing graver matters when they come to them: for the exercises of all men's wits must be always proper for their age, and never too much above it; and by practice and use in lighter arguments, they grow up at last to excel in the most weighty. I am not, therefore, ashamed to commend Mr. Cowley's Mistress: I only except one or two expressions, which I wish I could have prevailed with those that had the right of the other edition to have left out: but of all the rest I dare boldly pronounce, that never yet so much was written on a subject so delicate, that can less offend the severest rules of morality. The whole passion of love is inimitably described, with all its mighty train of hopes, and joys, and disquiets. Besides this amorous tenderness,

I know not how, in every copy, there is something of more useful knowledge very naturally and gracefully insinuated, and every where there may be something found to inform the minds of wise men, as well as to move the hearts of young men or women.

The occasion of his falling on the Pindarick way of writing was his accidental meeting with Pindar's works, in a place where he had no other books to direct him. Having then considered at leisure the height of his invention, and the majesty of his style, he tried immediately to imitate it in English; and he performed it without the danger that Horace prefiged to the man who should dare to attempt it.

If any are displeased at the boldness of his metaphors, and length of his digressions, they contend not against Mr. Cowley, but Pindar himself, who was so much revered by all Antiquity, that the place of his birth was preserved as sacred, when his native city was twice destroyed by the fury of two conquerors. If the irregularity of the number disgust them, they may observe that this very thing makes that kind of poesy fit for all manner of subjects; for the pleasant, the grave, the amorous, the heroick, the philosophical, the moral, the divine. Besides this, they will find that the frequent alteration of the rhyme and feet affects the mind with a more various delight, while it is soon apt to be tired by the settled pace of any one constant measure. But that for which I think this

inequality of number is chiefly to be preferred, is its nearer affinity with prose; from which all other kinds of English verse are so far distant, that it is very seldom found that the same man excels in both ways. But now this loose and unconfined measure has all the grace and harmony of the most confined; and, withal, it is so large and free, that the practice of it will only exalt, not corrupt, our prose, which is certainly the most useful kind of writing of all others; for it is the style of all business and conversation.

Besides this imitating of Pindar, which may perhaps be thought rather a new sort of writing than a restoring of an ancient, he has also been wonderfully happy in translating many difficult parts of the noblest poets of Antiquity. To perform this according to the dignity of the attempt, he had, as it was necessary he should have, not only the elegance of both the languages, but the true spirit of both the poetries. This way of leaving verbal translations, and chiefly regarding the sense and genius of the author, was scarce heard of in England before this present age. I will not presume to say that Mr. Cowley was the absolute inventor of it; nay, I know that others had the good luck to recommend it first in print; yet I appeal to you, Sir. whether he did not conceive it, and discourse of it, and practise it, as soon as any man.

His *Davideis* was wholly written in so young an age, that if we shall reflect on the vastness of the argument,

and his manner of handling it, he may seem like one of the miracles that he there adorns, like a boy attempting Goliath. I have often heard you declare, that he had finished the greatest part of it while he was yet a young student at Cambridge. This, perhaps, may be the reason that, in some few places, there is more youthfulness and redundance of fancy than his riper judgment would have allowed. I know, Sir, you will give me leave to use this liberty of censure; for I do not here pretend to a professed panegyrick, but rather to give a just opinion concerning him: but for the main of it I will affirm, that it is a better instance and beginning of a divine poem than I ever yet saw in any language. The contrivance is perfectly ancient, which is certainly the true form of heroick poetry, and such as was never yet outdone by any new devices of modern wits. The subject was truly divine, even according to God's own heart. The matter of his invention, all the treasures of knowledge and histories in the Bible. The model of it comprehended all the learning of the East. The characters lofty and various; the numbers firm and powerful; the digressions beautiful and proportionable; the design to submit mortal wit to heavenly truths: in all there is an admirable mixture of human virtues and passions with religious raptures.

The truth is, Sir, methinks in other matters his wit excelled most other men's, but in his moral and divine works it outdid itself. And, no doubt, it pro-

ceeded from this cause, that in other lighter kinds of poetry he chiefly represented the humours and affections of others; but in these he sat to himself, and drew the figure of his own mind. I know it has been objected against him by some morose zealots, that he has done an injury to the Scripture, by sprinkling all his Works with many allusions and similitudes that he took out of the Bible; but to these men it were a sufficient reply, to compare their own practice with his in this particular. They make use of Scripture phrases and quotations in all their common discourse; they employ the words of holy writ to countenance the extravagance of their own opinions and affections; and why, then, might not he take the liberty to fetch from thence some ornament for the innocent passions, and natural truths, and moral virtues, which he describes?

This is confutation enough to that sort of men. As to the thing itself, it is so far from being a debasing of divinity to make some parts of it the subjects of our fancy, that it is a sure way to establish it familiarly on the hearts of the people, and to give it a durable impression on the minds of wise men. Of this we have a powerful instance amongst the Ancients, for their wit has lasted much longer than the practice of any of their religions; and the very memory of most of their divine worship had perished if it had not been expressed and preserved by their poets. But Mr. Cowley him-

self did, of all men living, abhor the abuse of Scripture by licentious raillery, which ought not only to be esteemed the meanest kind of wit, but the worst sort of ill manners. This, perhaps, some men would be loath to hear proved, who practice it under the false title of a genteel quality; but the truth of it is unquestionable: for the ordinary ill breeding is only an indecency and offence against some particular custom, or gesture, or behaviour, in use: but this profaneness is a violation of the very support of human society, and a rudeness against the best manners that all mankind can practise, which is a just reverence of the supreme Power of all the world.

In his Latin poems he has expressed to admiration all the numbers of verses, and figures of poesy, that are scattered up and down among the Ancients. There is hardly to be found in them all any good fashion of speech, or colour of measure, but he has comprehended it, and given instances of it, according as his several arguments required, either a majestic spirit, or a passionate, or a pleasant. This is the more extraordinary, in that it was never yet performed by any single poet of the Ancient Romans themselves: they had the language natural to them, and so might easily have moulded it into what form or humour they pleased; yet it was their constant custom to confine all their thoughts and practice to one or two ways of writing, as despairing ever to compass all together.

This is evident in those that excelled in odes and songs, in the comical, tragical, epical, elegiacal, or satirical way : and this, perhaps, occasioned the first distinction and number of the Muses : for they thought the task too hard for any one of them, tho' they fancied them to be goddesses ; and therefore they divided it amongst them all, and only recommended to each of them the care of a distinct character of poetry and musick.

The occasion of his chusing the subject of his six Books of Plants was this : when he returned into England he was advised to dissemble the main intention of his coming over, under the disguise of applying himself to some settled profession, and that of physick was thought most proper. To this purpose, after many anatomical dissections, he proceeded to the consideration of simples ; and having furnished himself with books of that nature, he retired into a fruitful part of Kent, where every field and wood might show him the real figures of those plants of which he read. Thus he speedily mastered that part of the art of medicine : but then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the study of the law, instead of employing his skill for practice and profit, he presently digested it into that form which we behold.

The two first books treat of Herbs, in a style resembling the elegies of Ovid and Tibullus, in the sweetness and freedom of the verse, but excelling them in the strength of the fancy, and vigour of the sense.

The third and fourth discourse of Flowers in all the variety of Catullus and Horace's numbers, for the last of which authors he had a peculiar reverence, and imitated him not only in the stately and numerous pace of his Odes and Epodes, but in the familiar easiness of his Epistles and Speeches. The two last speak of Trees in the way of Virgil's Georgicks. Of these the sixth Book is wholly dedicated to the honour of his country: for making the British Oak to preside in the assembly of the forest trees, upon that occasion he enlarges on the history of our late troubles, the King's affliction and return, and the beginning of the Dutch war, and manages all in a style that (to say all in a word) is equal to the greatness and valour of the English nation.

I told you, Sir, that he was very happy in the way of Horace's speeches; but of this there are but two instances preserved; that part of an epistle to Mr. Crefwel with which he concludes his preface to his Book of Plants, and that copy which is written to yourself. I confess I heartily wish he had left more examples behind him of this kind, because I esteem it to be one of the best and most difficult of all those that Antiquity has taught us: it is certainly the very original of true raillery, and differs as much from some of the other Latin satires, as the pleasant reproofs of a gentleman from the severity of a schoolmaster. I know some men disapprove it, because the verse seems to be loose,

and near to the plainness of common discourse: but that which was admired by the court of Augustus never ought to be esteemed flat and vulgar. And the same judgment should be made of men's styles as of their behaviour and carriage, wherein that is most courtly and hardest to be imitated which consists of a natural easiness and unaffected grace, where nothing seems to be studied, yet every thing is extraordinary.

This familiar way of verse puts me in mind of one kind of prose, wherein Mr. Cowley was excellent, and that is his Letters to his private friends. In these he always expressed the native tendernefs and innocent gaiety of his mind. I think, Sir, you and I have the greatest collection of this sort: but I know you agree with me that nothing of this nature should be published: and herein you have always consented to approve of the modest judgment of our countrymen, above the practice of some of our neighbours, and chiefly of the French. I make no manner of question but the English at this time are infinitely improved in this way above the skill of former ages, nay of all countries round about us that pretend to greater eloquence; yet they have been always judiciously sparing in printing such composures, while some other witty nations have tired all their presses and readers with them. The truth is, the letters that pass between particular friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can scarce ever be fit to see the light. They should not consist of fulsome compliments, or tedious

politicks, or elaborate elegancies, or general fancies; but they should have a native clearness and shortness, a domestical plainness, and a peculiar kind of familiarity, which can only affect the humour of those to whom they were intended. The very same passages which make writings of this nature delightful amongst friends, will lose all manner of taste when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. In such letters the souls of men should appear undressed; and in that negligent habit they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad into the streets.

The last pieces that we have from his hands are Discourses by way of Essays upon some of the gravest subjects that concern the contentment of a virtuous mind. These he intended as a real character of his own thoughts upon the point of his retirement: and, accordingly, you may observe, that in the prose of them there is little curiosity of ornament, but they are written in a lower and humbler style than the rest, and, as an unfeigned image of his soul, should be drawn without flattery. I do not speak this to their disadvantage; for the true perfection of wit is to be pliable to all occasions, to walk or fly, according to the nature of every subject, and there is no doubt as much art to have only plain conceptions on some arguments, as there is in others to have extraordinary flights.

To these that he has here left scarce finished, it was

his design to have added many others: and a little before his death he communicated to me his resolutions to have dedicated them all to my Lord St. Albans, as a testimony of his entire respects to him, and a kind of apology for having left human affairs in the strength of his age, while he might still have been serviceable to his country: but though he was prevented in this purpose by his death, yet it becomes the office of a friend to make good his intentions. I, therefore, here presume to make a present of them to his Lordship. I doubt not but, according to his usual humanity, he will accept this imperfect legacy of the man whom he long honoured with his domestick conversation; and I am confident his Lordship will believe it to be no injury to his fame, that in these papers my Lord St. Albans and Mr. Cowley's name shall be read together by posterity.

I might, Sir, have made a longer discourse of his writings, but that I think it fit to direct my speech concerning him by the same rule by which he was wont to judge of others. In his esteem of other men, he constantly preferred the good temper of their minds, and honesty of their actions, above all the excellencies of their eloquence or knowledge. The same course I will take in his praise, which chiefly ought to be fixed on his life; for that he deserves more applause from the most virtuous men, than for his other abilities he ever obtained from the learned.

He had indeed a perfect natural goodness, which neither the uncertainties of his condition, nor the largeness of his wit, could pervert. He had a firmness and strength of mind that was proof against the art of poetry itself. Nothing vain or fantastical, nothing flattering or insolent, appeared in his humour. He had a great integrity and plainness of manners, which he preserved to the last, though much of his time was spent in a nation and way of life that is not very famous for sincerity: but the truth of his heart was above the corruption of ill examples, and therefore the sight of them rather confirmed him in the contrary virtues.

There was nothing affected or singular in his habit, or person, or gesture. He understood the forms of good breeding enough to practise them without burdening himself or others. He never oppressed any man's parts, nor ever put any man out of countenance. He never had any emulation for fame, or contention for profit, with any man. When he was in business he suffered others' importunities with much easiness: when he was out of it he was never importunate himself. His modesty and humility were so great, that if he had not had many other equal virtues, they might have been thought dissimulation.

His conversation was certainly of the most excellent kind, for it was such as was rather admired by his familiar friends, than by strangers at first sight.

He surprised no man at first with any extraordinary appearance : he never thrust himself violently into the good opinion of his company. He was content to be known by leisure and by degrees; and so the esteem that was conceived of him was better grounded, and more lasting.

In his speech, neither the pleasantness excluded gravity, nor was the sobriety of it inconsistent with delight. No man parted willingly from his discourse; for he so ordered it, that every man was satisfied that he had his share. He governed his passions with great moderation. His virtues were never troublesome or uneasy to any. Whatever he disliked in others, he only corrected it by the silent reproof of a better practice.

His wit was so tempered, that no man had ever reason to wish it had been less : he prevented other men's severity upon it by his own : he never willingly recited any of his writings. None but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse. His learning was large and profound, well composed of all ancient and modern knowledge; but it sat exceeding close and handsomely upon him; it was not embossed on his mind, but enamelled.

He never guided his life by the whispers or opinions of the world; yet he had a great reverence for a good reputation. He hearkened to Fame when it was a just censorer, but not when an extravagant

habbler. He was a passionate lover of liberty and freedom from restraint both in actions and words; but what honesty others receive from the direction of laws, he had by native inclination, and he was not beholden to other men's wills, but to his own, for his innocence.

He performed all his natural and civil duties with admirable tendernefs. Having been born after his father's death, and bred up under the discipline of his mother, he gratefully acknowledged her care of his education to her death, which was in the eightieth year of her age. For his three brothers he always maintained a constant affection; and having survived the two first, he made the third his heir. In his long dependance on my Lord St. Albans, there never happened any manner of difference between them, except a little at last, because he would leave his service; which only showed the innocence of the servant, and the kindness of the master. His friendships were inviolable. The same men with whom he was familiar in his youth, were his nearest acquaintance at the day of his death. If the private course of his last years made him contract his conversation to a few, yet he only withdrew, not broke off, from any of the others.

His thoughts were never above nor below his condition. He never wished his estate much larger, yet he enjoyed what he had with all innocent freedom; he never made his present life uncomfortable by undue expectations of future things. Whatever disap-

pointments he met with, they only made him understand Fortune better, not repine at her the more: his Muse indeed once complained, but never his mind. He was accomplished with all manner of abilities for the greatest business, if he would but have thought so himself.

If any thing ought to have been changed in his temper and disposition, it was his earnest affection for obscurity and retirement. This, Sir, give me leave to condemn, even to you, who I know agreed with him in the same humour. I acknowledge he chose that state of life not out of any poetical rapture, but upon a steady and sober experience of human things: but, however, I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great disparagement to virtue, and learning itself, that those very things which only make men useful in the world, should incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness: but if the one shall contend to get out of employment, while the other strive to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in security.

Yet, I confess, if any deserved to have this privilege, it ought to have been granted to him as soon as any man living, upon consideration of the manner in which he spent the liberty that he got; for he withdrew himself out of the crowd with desires of enligh-

tening and instructing the minds of those that remained in it. It was his resolution, in that station, to search into the secrets of divine and human knowledge, and to communicate what he should observe. He always professed that he went out of the world as it was man's, into the same world as it was Nature's, and as it was God's. The whole compass of the creation, and all the wonderful effects of the divine Wisdom, were the constant prospect of his senses and his thoughts; and indeed he entered with great advantage on the studies of Nature, even as the first great men of Antiquity did, who were generally both poets and philosophers. He betook himself to its contemplation, as well furnished with sound judgment, and diligent observation, and good method to discover its mysteries, as with abilities to set it forth in all its ornaments.

This labour about natural science was the perpetual and uninterrupted task of that obscure part of his life. Besides this, we had persuaded him to look back into his former studies, and to publish a discourse concerning style. In this he had designed to give an account of the proper sorts of writing that were fit for all manner of arguments, to compare the perfections and imperfections of the authors of Antiquity with those of this present age, and to deduce all down to the particular use of the English genius and language. This subject he was very fit to perform, it being most proper for him to be the judge who had been the best practiser: but he scarce lived to draw the first lines of

it: all the footsteps that I can find remaining of it are only some indigested characters of ancient and modern authors. And now, for the future, I almost despair ever to see it well accomplished, unless you, Sir, would give me leave to name the man that should undertake it.

But his last and principal design was that which ought to be the principal to every wise man, the establishing his mind in the faith he professed. He was in his practice exactly obedient to the use and precepts of our church: nor was he inclined to any uncertainty and doubt, as abhorring all contention in indifferent things, and much more in sacred. But he beheld the divisions of Christendom; he saw how many controversies had been introduced by zeal or ignorance, and continued by faction: he had therefore an earnest intention of taking a review of the original principles of the primitive church, believing that every true Christian had no better means to settle his spirit than that which was proposed to Æneas and his followers to be the end of their wanderings, *Antiquam exquirite matrem*.

This examination he purposed should reach to our Saviour's and the apostles' lives, and their immediate successors, for four or five centuries, till interest and policy prevailed over devotion. He hoped to have absolutely compassed it in three or four years, and, when that was done, there to have fixed for ever, without

any shaking or alteration in his judgment. Indeed it was a great damage to our church that he lived not to perform it, for very much of the primitive light might have been expected from a mind that was endued with the primitive meekness and innocence. And, besides, such a work coming from one that was no divine, might have been very useful for this age, wherein it is one of the principal cavils against religion, that it is only a matter of interest, and only supported for the gain of a particular profession. But, alas! while he was framing these great things in his thoughts, they were unfortunately cut off together with his life. His solitude, from the very beginning, had never agreed so well with the constitution of his body as of his mind. The chief cause of it was, that out of haste to be gone away from the tumult and noise of the City, he had not prepared so healthful a situation in the country as he might have done if he had made a more leisurable choice. Of this he soon began to find the inconvenience at Barn-Elms, where he was afflicted with a dangerous and lingering fever. After that he scarce ever recovered his former health, though his mind was restored to its perfect vigour, as may be seen by his two last Books of Plants, that were written since that time, and may at least be compared with the best of his other Works. Shortly after his removal to Chertsea he fell into another consuming disease: having languished under this for some months, he

seemed to be pretty well cured of its ill symptoms; but in the heat of the last summer, by staying too long amongst his labourers in the meadows, he was taken with a violent defluxion, and stoppage in his breast and throat. This he at first neglected as an ordinary cold, and refused to send for his usual physicians till it was past all remedies; and so in the end, after a fortnight sickness, it proved mortal to him.

Who can here, Sir, forbear exclaiming on the weak hopes and frail condition of human nature? for as long as Mr. Cowley was pursuing the course of ambition in active life, which he scarce esteemed his true life, he never wanted a constant health and strength of body; but as soon as ever he had found an opportunity of beginning indeed to live, and to enjoy himself in security, his contentment was first broken by sickness, and at last his death was occasioned by his very delight in the country and the fields, which he had long fancied above all other pleasures. But let us not grieve at this fatal accident upon his account, lest we should seem to repine at the happy change of his condition, and not to know that the loss of a few years, which he might longer have lived, will be recompensed by an immortal memory. If we complain, let it only be for our own sakes, that in him we are at once deprived of the greatest natural and improved abilities, of the usefulest conversation, of the faithfulest friendship, of a mind that practised the best virtues itself, and a wit that was best able to recommend them to others.

His body was attended to Westminster-Abbey by a great number of persons of the most eminent quality, and followed with the praises of all good and learned men. It lies near the ashes of Chaucer and Spenser, the two most famous English poets of former times. But whoever would do him right, should not only equal him to the principal ancient writers of our own nation, but should also rank his name amongst the authors of the true antiquity, the best of the Greeks and Romans. In that place there is a monument designed for him by my Lord Duke of Buckingham, in testimony of his affection; and the King himself was pleased to bestow on him the best epitaph, when, upon the news of his death, his Majesty declared, "That Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England."

This, Sir, is the account that I thought fit to present the world concerning him. Perhaps it may be judged that I have spent too many words on a private man and a scholar, whose life was not remarkable for such a variety of events as are wont to be the ornaments of this kind of relations. I know it is the custom of the world to prefer the pompous histories of great men before the greatest virtues of others, whose lives have been led in a course less illustrious. This indeed is the general humour; but I believe it to be an error in men's judgments: for certainly that is a more profitable instruction which may be taken from the eminent goodness of men of lower rank, than that

which we learn from the splendid representation of the battles, and victories, and buildings, and sayings, of great commanders and princes. Such specious matters, as they are seldom delivered with fidelity, so they serve but for the imitation of a very few, and rather make for the ostentation than the true information of human life: whereas it is from the practice of men equal to ourselves that we are more naturally taught how to command our passions, to direct our knowledge, and to govern our actions.

For this reason I have some hope that a character of Mr. Cowley may be of good advantage to our nation; for what he wanted in titles of honour, and the gifts of Fortune, was plentifully supplied by many other excellencies, which make perhaps less noise, but are more beneficial for example. This, Sir, was the principal end of this long Discourse. Besides this, I had another design in it, that only concerns ourselves; that having this picture of his life set before us, we may still keep him alive in our memories, and by this means we may have some small reparation for our inexpressible loss by his death.

Sir, I am

Your most humble, and

most affectionate servant,

T. SPRAT.

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

AT my return lately into England I met, by great accident, (for such I account it to be, that any copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a book entitled, *The Iron Age*, and published under my name during the time of my absence. I wondered very much how one who could be so foolish to write so ill verses, should yet be so wise to set them forth as another man's rather than his own; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the bastard upon such a person, whose stock of reputation is I fear little enough for maintenance of his own numerous legitimate offspring of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the author to put forth some of my writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: he had been in that a more pardonable plagiarist, and had done less wrong by robbery, than he does by such a bounty; for nobody can be justified by the imputation even of another's merit; and our own coarse clothes are like to become us better than those of another man's, though never so rich: but these, to say the truth, were so beggarly, that I myself was ashamed to wear them. It was in vain for me that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus executed in effigy; and impossible it is for any good name to be in safety, if

the malice of witches have the power to consume and destroy it in an image of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so unlike, that I hope the charm took no effect; so that I esteem myself less prejudiced by it than by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kind, which is the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge; and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them: of which sort was a comedy called *The Guardian*, printed in the year 1650, but made and acted before the Prince, in his passage through Cambridge towards York, at the beginning of the late unhappy war; or rather neither made nor acted, but rough drawn only, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised or perfected by the Author, nor learned without book by the actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the officers of the College. After the representation (which I confess was somewhat of the latest) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the Poet and the Soldier; but I have lost the copy, and dare not think it deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in human conversation when I made it. But as it is, it is only

the hasty first fitting of a picture, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly. From this which has happened to myself, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all writers, and especially poets, whose works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out either with counterfeit pieces, like false money put in to fill up the bag though it add nothing to the sum, or with such which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themselves for the baseness of the alloy. Whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their friends, who think a vast heap of stones or rubbish a better monument than a little tomb of marble, or by the unworthy avarice of some stationers, who are content to diminish the value of the author, so they may increase the price of the book, and, like vintners with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine to make it yield more profit. This hath been the case with Shakespeare, Fletcher, Johnson, and many others, part of whose poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume than in a gigantick body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates, and, as Statius says of little Tydeus,

——Totos infusa per artus

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.

Stat. l. 1. Theb.

I am not ignorant, that by saying this of others, I expose myself to some raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer; but though I publish here more than in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppressed and cast away more than I publish; and for the ease of myself and others, have lost, I believe too, more than both. And upon these considerations I have been persuaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own modesty, and to produce these Poems to the light and view of the world, not as a thing that I approved of in itself, but as a less evil, which I chose, rather than to stay till it were done for me by somebody else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after my death; and this will be the more excusable, when the reader shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a dead, or at least, a dying person, and upon my Muse, in this action, as appearing like the Emperour Charles V. and assisting at her own funeral.

For to make myself absolutely dead in a poetical capacity, my resolution at present is, never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life: but as the marriages of infants do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at

the diminution or decay of my affection to poesy, to which I had contracted myself so much under age, and so much to my own prejudice, in regard of those more profitable matches which I might have made among the richer sciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame, it is an estate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows than in their opinion of *exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of reversion to our own selves; neither ought any man to envy poets this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them which St. Paul speaks of the first Christians, “If their reward be in this life, they are
“of all men the most miserable.”

And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be such a plant that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it chuse but wither in a long and sharp winter? A warlike, various, and a tragical age, is best to write of, but worst to write in: and I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to myself which was spoken by Tully to a much better person, upon occasion of the civil wars and revolutions in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adolescentiam per medias*

laudes quasi quadrigis vehementem transversa incurrit misera fortuna Reipublicæ. Cic. de Clar. Orator.

Neither is the present constitution of my mind more proper than that of the times for this exercise, or rather divertisement; there is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune: it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others, which is the main end of poesy. One may see through the style of *Ovid. de Trist.* the humbled and dejected condition of spirit with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footsteps of that genius,

Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.

The cold of the country had stricken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his verses. He is himself, methinks, like one of the stories of his own *Metamorphoses*; and though there remain some weak resemblances of *Ovid* at Rome, it is but, as he says of *Niobe*,

*In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mœstis
Stant immota genis; nihil est in imagine vivum,
Flet tamen.* ————— *Ovid. Metam. l. vi.*

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humour. Neither is wit less eclipsed

with the unquietness of mind, than beauty with the indisposition of body; so that it is almost as hard a thing to be a poet in despite of Fortune, as it is in despite of Nature. For my own part, neither my obligations to the Muses, nor expectations from them, are so great, as that I should suffer myself on no considerations to be divorced, or that I should say, like Horace,

Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color

Hor. Sat. 1. 1. ii. Ser.

I shall rather use his words in another place,

Vixi camænis nuper idoneus,

Et militavi non sine gloria,

Nunc arma defuclumq; bello

Barbiton hic paries habebit. L. iii. Car. Ode 26. Vixi puellis, &c.

And this resolution of mine does the more besit me, because my desire has been for some years past, (tho' the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffick of those parts, (which is the end of most men that travel thither, so that of these Indies it is truer than it was of the former,

Improbis extremos currit mercator ad Indos

Pauperiem fugiens————)

but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat, (but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy)

Oblitusq; meorum, obliviscendus et illis.

as my former author speaks too, who has enticed me

here, I know not how, into the pedantry of this heap of Latin sentences. And I think Dr. Donne's *Sundial in a Grave* is not more useless and ridiculous than poetry would be in that retirement. As this, therefore, is in a true sense a kind of death to the Muses, and a real literal quitting of this world, so methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted privilege of deceased poets, which is to be read with more favour than the living;

Tanti est ut placeam tibi, perire.

Mart.

Having been forced, for my own necessary justification, to trouble the reader with this long Discourse of the reasons why I trouble him also with all the rest of the book, I shall only add somewhat concerning the several parts of it, and some other pieces which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: As, first, all those which I wrote at school from the age of ten year still after fifteen*; for even so far backward there remain yet some traces of me in the little footsteps of a child; which, tho' they were then looked upon as commendable extravagances in a boy, (men setting a value upon any kind of fruit before the usual season of it) yet I would be loath to be bound now to read them all over myself, and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from others. Besides, they have already passed through several editions, which is a longer life than uses to be enjoyed by infants that are

* See advertisement, p. 58.

born before the ordinary terms. They had the good fortune then to find the world so indulgent (for considering the time of their production, who could be so hardhearted to be severe?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for them, as for not having made advances afterwards proportionable to the speed of my setting out, and am obliged too, in a manner by discretion, to conceal and suppress them, as promises and instruments under my own hand, whereby I stood engaged for more than I have been able to perform; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the honestest sort of bankrupts, which is, to have been made insolvable not so much by their own negligence and ill husbandry, as by some notorious accidents and publick disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them; as, among others, three Books of the Civil War itself, reaching as far as the first battle at Newbury, where the succeeding misfortunes of the party stopped the work.

As for the ensuing Book, it consists of four parts. The first is a Miscellany of several subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps superfluous to tell the reader; I know not by what chance I have kept copies of them, for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost, and I think they have no extraordinary virtue

in them, to deserve more care in preservation than was bestowed upon their brethren, for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the arrogancy of the word, when I said, "I had lost them."

The second is called, The Mistrefs, or Love-verses; for so it is, that poets are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to Love. Sooner or later they must all pass through that trial, like some Mahometan monks, that are bound by their order, once at least in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca;

In furias ignemque ruunt: amor omnibus idem.

But we must not always make a judgment of their manners from their writings of this kind, as the Romanists uncharitably do of Beza for a few lascivious sonnets composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that poesy is said to be a kind of painting; it is not the picture of the poet, but of things and persons imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a philosopher, nay, a Stoick, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous Sappho;

Feret et rubus asper Amomum.^c

He professes too much the use of fables (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity as to

be ashamed to be thought really in love; on the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not at least capable of being so: but I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious readers; for much excess is to be allowed in love, and even more in poetry, so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obscenity and profaneness, of which I am sure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my thoughts and intentions: and if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing arguments.

For, as for the Pindarick Odes, (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracks of poesy. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of style which Dion. Halicarnassens calls, *Μεγαλοφύες ἔη δὲ μετὰ δεινότητος*, and which he attributes to Alceus. The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all Lyricks, and of Pindar above all men living. The figures are unusual, and bold even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry. The numbers

are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation: so that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly described the nature of these verses in the ode entitled, The Resurrection; and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easy to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise.

——— Ut sibi quisvis

Speret idem, multum fudet frustra; labore

Aufus idem. ———

I come now to the last part, which is Davideis, or an Heroical Poem of the Troubles of David, which I designed into twelve books, not for the Tribes' sake, but after the pattern of our master Virgil, and intended to close all with that most poetical and excellent elegy of David's on the death of Saul and Jonathan; for I had no mind to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron, because it is the custom of heroick poets (as we see by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their story, but only so near, that every one may see it, as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what

they have won. This I say was the whole design, in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as, the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the priests at Nob; the several flights and escapes of David, with the manner of his living in the wilderness; the funeral of Samuel; the love of Abigail; the sack- ing of Ziglaga; the loss and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites; the witch of Endor; the war with the Philistines; and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious stories of the Old Testament, and to embellish with the most remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and of other nations before or at that age. But I have had neither leisure hitherto, nor have appetite at present, to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deserves: for what worthier subject could have been chosen among all the treasuries of past times, than the life of this young prince, who, from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest monarch that ever sat on the most famous throne of the whole earth? Whom should a poet more justly seek to honour than the highest person who ever honoured his profession? whom a Christian

poet, rather than the man after God's own heart, and the man who had that sacred preeminence above all other princes, to be the best and mightiest of that royal race from whence Christ himself, according to the flesh, disdained not to descend? When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature the Holy Scripture affords and proffers as it were to poesy, in the wise managing and illustrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the singular utility and noblest delight of mankind, it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine Science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolish women, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter, or at best on the confused antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity, as altars, temples, sacrifices, prayers, and the like, there is none that he so universally and so long usurped as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the kingdom of God, who is the father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damascus. There wants, methinks, but the conversion of that and the Jews, for the accomplish-

ment of the kingdom of Christ. And as men, before their receiving of the faith, do not without some carnal reluctances apprehend the bonds and fetters of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest liberty, it will fare no otherwise with this art, after the regeneration of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful and more delightful objects; neither will it want room, by being confined to heaven. There is not so great a lie to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men that lying is essential to good poetry. Were there never so wholesome nourishment to be had (but, alas! it breeds nothing but diseases) out of these boasted feasts of love and fables, yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the diet should make us nauseate it; for it is almost impossible to serve up any new dish of that kind; they are all but the cold meats of the Ancients new heated, and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old poets made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the soil was not then wrought out with continual tillage: but what can we expect now, who come a-gleaning not after the first reapers, but after the very beggars? Besides, though those mad stories of the gods and heroes seem in themselves so ridiculous, yet they were then the whole body (or rather chaos) of the theology of those times: they were believed by all but a few philosophers, and perhaps some Atheists, and served to good purpose among

the vulgar, (as pitiful things as they are) in strengthening the authority of law with the terrours of conscience, and expectation of certain rewards and unavoidable punishments. There was no other religion, and therefore that was better than none at all: but to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their folly, and are wearied with their impertinences, they ought to appear no better arguments for verse than those of their worthy successors the knights-errant. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of wit or learning in the story of Deucalion than in that of Noah? Why will not the actions of Samson afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules? why is not Jephtha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia? and the friendship of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theseus and Perithous? Does not the passage of Moses and the Israelites into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulysses or Æneas? are the obsolete threadbare tales of Thebes and Troy half so stored with great, heroical, and supernatural actions (since verse will needs find or make such) as the wars of Joshua, of the Judges, of David, and divers others? Can all the transformations of the gods give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true miracles of Christ, or of his prophets and apostles? What do I instance in these few particulars? all the books of the Bible

are either already most admirable and exalted pieces of poesy, or are the best materials in the world for it. Yet though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose, none but a good artist will know how to do it: neither must we think to cut and polish diamonds with so little pains and skill as we do marble; for if any man design to compose a sacred poem, by only turning a story of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarles's, or some other godly matter, like Mr. Heywood of Angels, into rhyme, he is so far from elevating of poesy, that he only abases divinity. In brief, he who can write a profane poem well, may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of invention, the same wisdom of disposition, the same judgment in observance of decencies, the same lustre and vigour of elocution, the same modesty and majesty of number; briefly, the same kind of habit is required to both; only this latter allows better stuff, and therefore would look more deformedly if ill dressed in it. I am far from assuming to myself to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking; but sure I am that there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree answerable to the idea that I conceive of it; and I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and successfully.

Advertisement.

THIS edition of *Mr. Cowley's Poems* will be found more copious in the Contents than that by *Dr. Sprat*, or any subsequent edition: it therefore includes his *Constantia* and *Philetus*, *Piramus* and *Tbisbe*, with a great number of other poems (mostly, indeed, juvenile performances) omitted in *Dr. Sprat's folio*, but which had yet been frequently printed during the *Authors lifetime*:—for it is the professed design of this *Work* to print entire, without abstraction or mutilation of poems, or parts of poems, the whole original pieces in *English*, of such of the *Poets*, whose works claim the merit of a place in this extensive undertaking.—In all former editions of *Cowley*, the *Miscellanies*, *Epistles*, *Elegiack Poems*, &c. have been confusedly blended together. In the present edition these are separately arranged, and fall under the reader's notice in one distinct department—The six *Books of Plants* are printed from the translations of *Mr. Tate*, *Mrs. Behn*, and others, and not from the *Author's Latin originals*; which must have been less generally understood, and, consequently, less pleasing to the generality of readers: and the *Poem* itself is of too valuable a nature, and forms too great a part of *Mr. Cowley's poetical labours*, to suffer being discarded from his other writings, either in its original *Latin garb*, or in its more modern *English one*, in which last dress it is here presented to the reader.

October 1777.

TO THE READER.

READER! (I know not yet whether gentle or no) some I know have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their envy) at my poetical boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earliness; others, who are either of a weak faith or strong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which never sounds but when it is blowed in, and read me not as Abraham Cowley, but authorem anonymum. To the first I answer, That it is an envious frost that nips the blossoms because they appear quickly; to the latter, That he is the worst homicide who strives to murder another's fame; to both, That it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the stars, because the moon and sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this wind: for the itch of poesy by being angered increases; by rubbing, spreads further; which appears in that I have ventured on this eighth edition. What though it be neglected? it is not, I am sure, the first book which hath lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all men's judgments it suffer shipwreck, it shall something content me that it hath pleased myself and the bookseller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers, which is, that as mine age, and, consequently, experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my poesy flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my Piramus and

This be ; nay, I would do it myself, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errours of ten years of age. My Constantia and Philetus confesses me two years older when I wrote it. The rest were made since upon several occasions, and perhaps do not belie the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their fate lies in your hands ; it is only you can effect that neither the bookseller repent himself of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewell.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TO THE READER.

I.

*I Call'd the buskin'd Muse, Melpomene,
And told her what sad story I would write:
She wept at hearing such a agead,
Tho' wont in mournful ditties to delight,
If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, 'en know
My Muse with tears, not with conceits did flow.*

II.

*And as she my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny tears did on the paper fall,
If then unequal numbers be espy'd,
Oh, Reader ! do not them my errour call,
But think her tears defac'd it, and blame then
My Muse's grief, and not my missing pen.*

To the Right Hon.

And Right Rev. Father in God,

J O H N,

LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

AND DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

MY LORD,

I Might well fear lest these my rude and unpolished lines should offend your honourable survey, but that I hope your Nobleness will rather smile at the faults committed by a child than censure them. Howsoever, I desire your Lordship's pardon for presenting things so unworthy to your view, and to accept the good-will of him who in all duty is bound to be

Your Lordship's

most humble servant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Volume I.

F

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To the memory of the incomparable

MR. COWLEY.

WITH artless hand, and much disorder'd mind,
(Pardon, illustrious Man!) I come
To try if worthy thee I ought can find,
That grovelling I might offer at thy tomb;
For yet, nor yet thou never hadst thy due, 5
Tho' courted by the understanding few,
And they sometimes officious too :
Much more is owing to thy mighty name
Than was perform'd by noble Buckingham ;
He chose a place thy sacred bones to keep, 10
Near that where poets and where monarchs sleep.

Well did thy kind Mecænas mean
To thee and to himself, and may that tomb
Convey your mutual praise to ages yet to come :
But monuments may betray their trust, 15
And like their founders crumble into dust.

Were I to advise posterity
That should at all times acceptable be,
Quickly to comprehend their great concern, [learn.
Cowley should be the first word all their sons should

That charming name would every grace inspire, 21
Inflame their souls with supernatural fire, [mire.
And make them nothing but what's truly good ad-

Early their tender minds would be possess'd
With glorious images, and every breast 25
Imbibe an happiness not to be express'd.
Of these (blest'd Shade!) when thou wert here
An unregarded sojourner,
Thou hadst so large a part,
That thou dost hardly more appear 30
Accomplish'd where thou art;
But that thy radiant brow,
Encircled with an everlasting wreath,
Shows thee triumphant now
O'er disappointments and o'er death. 35
When with astonishment we cast an eye
On thine amazing infancy,
We envy Nature's prodigality
To thee, and only thee,
In whom (as in old Eden) still were seen 40
All things florid, fresh, and green,
Blossoms and fruit at once on one immortal tree.
Herculean vigour hadst thou when but young,
In riper years more than Alcides strong.
Then who shall sing thy wondrous song? 45
For he that worthily would mention thee
Should be devested of mortality:
No meaner off'rings should he bring,
Than what a saint might pen, an angel sing;
Such as with cheerfulness thyself hadst done, 50
If in thy lifetime thou hadst known
So bright a theme to write upon:

Tho' thou hast sung of heroes and of kings,
 In mighty numbers mighty things,
 Enjoy (inimitable Bard!) 55
 Of all thy pleasant toil the sweet reward,
 And ever venerable be,
 Till the unthinking world shall once more lie
 Immers'd in her first chaos of barbarity:
 A curse now to be dreaded, for with thee
 Dy'd all the lovely decencies of poetry. 61

THO. FLATMAN.

TO THE MEMORY
 OF THE AUTHOR.

To fertile wits and plants of fruitful kind
 Impartial Nature the same laws assign'd;
 Both have their spring before they reach their prime,
 A time to blossom, and a bearing time:
 An early bloom to both has fatal been; 5
 Those soonest fade, whose verdure first was seen.
 Alone exempted from the common fate,
 The forward Cowley held a lasting date:
 For Envy's blast, and pow'rful Time, too strong,
 He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long: 10
 In whom the double miracle was seen,
 Ripe in his spring, and in his autumn green.
 With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
 The feast of wit, and banquet of the mind:

While the fair tree, transplanted to the skies, 15 }
 In verdure with th' Elysian garden vies, }
 The pride of Earth before, and now of Paradise. }

Thus faint our strongest metaphors must be,
 Thus unproportion'd to thy Muse and thee.
 Those flowers, that did in thy rich garden smile, 20
 Wither, transplanted to another soil.

Thus Orpheus' harp that did wild beasts command,
 Had lost its force in any other hand.

Saul's frantick rage harmonious sounds obey'd,
 His rage was charm'd, but 't was when David play'd.
 The artless since have touch'd thy sacred lyre; 26
 We have thy numbers, but we want thy fire.

Horace and Virgil, where they brightest shin'd,
 Prov'd but thy ore, and were by thee refin'd:

The conquerors that from the general flame 30 }
 Sav'd Pindar's roof, deserv'd a lasting name; }
 A greater thou, that didst preserve his fame. }

A dark and huddled chaos long he lay,
 Till thy diviner genius' pow'rful ray
 Dispers'd the mists of night, and gave him day. 35 }

No mists of time can make thy verse less bright,
 Thou shin'st like Phœbus with unborrow'd light.
 Henceforth no Phœbus we'll invoke, but thee;
 Auspicious to thy poor survivors be!

Who, unrewarded, plow the Muses' foil, 40
 Our labour all the harvest of our toil;
 And in excuse of fancies flag'd and tir'd,
 Can only say, Augustus * is expir'd. 43

* Written just when King Charles was dead.

ON MR. COWLEY'S
JUVENILE POEMS,
AND THE
TRANSLATION OF HIS PLANTARUM.

A PINDARICK.

I.

WHEN young Alcides in his cradle lay,
And grasp'd in both his infant hands,
Broke from the nurse's feeble bands,
The bloody gasping prey.
Aloft he those first trophies bore, 5
And squeezes out their pois'nous gore;
The women shriek'd with wild amaze,
The men as much affrighted gaze;
But had the wise Tiresias come
Into the crowded room, 10
With deep prophetick joy
He 'ad heard the conquests of the godlike boy,
And sung in sacred rage
What ravenous men, and beasts engage:
Hence he 'd propitious omens take, 15
And from the triumphs of his infancy
Portend his future victory
O'er the foul serpent welt'ring wide in Lerna's dread-
ful lake.

II.

Alcides Pindar, Pindar Cowley sings,
 And while they strike the vocal strings, 20
 To either both new honours brings.
 But who shall now the mighty task sustain?
 And now our Hercules is there,
 What Atlas can Olympus bear?
 What mortal undergo th' unequal pain? 25
 But 't is a glorious fate
 To fall with such a weight,
 Tho' with unhallowed fingers, I
 Will touch the ark, altho' I die.
 Forgive me, O thou shining Shade! 30
 Forgive a fault which Love has made.
 Thus I my faucy kindness mourn,
 Which yet I can't repent,
 Before thy sacred monument,
 And moisten with my tears thy wondrous urn. 35

III.

Begin, begin, my Muse! thy noble choir,
 And aim at something worthy Pindar's lyre;
 Within thy breast excite the kindling fire,
 And fan it with thy voice!
 Cowley does to Jove belong, 40
 Jove and Cowley claim my song.
 These fair first-fruits of wit young Cowley bore,
 Which promis'd if the happy tree
 Should ever reach maturity,
 To bless, the world with better and with more. 45

Thus in the kernel of the largest fruit
Is all the tree in little drawn,
The trunk, the branches, and the root;
Thus a fair day is pictur'd in a lovely dawn.

IV.

Tasso, a poet in his infancy, 50
Did hardly earlier rise than thee,
Nor did he shoot so far, or shine so bright,
Or in his dawning beams or noonday light.
The Muses did young Cowley raise,
They stole thee from thy nurse's arms, 55
Fed thee with sacred love of praise,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's self had been thy fire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre: 60
Hence seeds of numbers in thy soul were fix'd,
Deep as the very reason there,
No force from thence could numbers tear,
Even with thy being mix'd:
And there they lurk'd, till Spenser's sacred flame 65
Leap'd up and kindled thine,
Thy thoughts as regular and fine,
Thy soul the same,
Like his to honour, and to love inclin'd,
As soft thy soul, as great thy mind. 70

V.

Whatever Cowley writes must please;
Sure, like the gods, he speaks all languages.

Whatever theme by Cowley's Muse is dress'd,
 Whatever he'll essay,
 Or in the softer or the nobler way, 75
 He still writes best,
 If he ever stretch his strings
 To mighty numbers, mighty things:
 So did Virgil's heroes fight;
 Such glories wore, tho' not so bright. 80
 If he'll paint his noble fire,
 Ah! what thoughts his songs inspire!
 Vigorous love and gay desire.
 Who would not, Cowley! ruin'd be?
 Who would not love that reads, that thinks of thee?
 Whether thou in th' old Roman dost delight, 86
 Or English, full as strong, to write,
 Thy master-strokes in both are shown,
 Cowley in both excels alone,
 Virgil of theirs, and Waller of our own. 90

VI.

But why should the soft sex be robb'd of thee!
 Why should not England know
 How much she does to Cowley owe?
 How much fair Boscobel's for-ever-sacred tree?
 The hills, the groves, the plains, the woods, 95
 The fields, the meadows, and the floods,
 The flow'ry world, where gods and poets use
 To court a mortal or a Muse?

It shall be done. But who? ah! who, shall dare
 So vast a toil to undergo, 100
 And all the world's just censure bear,
 Thy strength, and their own weakness show?
 Soft Afra *, who had led our shepherds long,
 Who long the nymphs and swains did guide,
 Our envy, her own sex's pride, 105
 When all her force on this great theme she 'ad try'd,
 She strain'd awhile to reach th' inimitable song,
 She strain'd awhile and wisely dy'd.
 Those who survive unhappier be,
 Yet thus, great God of Poesy!
 With joy they sacrifice their fame to thee. 111
S. WESLEY.

ON THE DEATH OF
MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY,

AND HIS BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

OUR wit, till Cowley did its lustre raise,
 May be resembled to the first three days,
 In which did shine only such streaks of light
 As serv'd but to distinguish day from night;
 But wit breaks forth in all that he has done, 5
 Like light when 't was united in the sun.

The poets formerly did lie in wait
 To rifle those whom they would imitate:

* Mrs A. Behn.

We watch'd to rob all strangers when they writ,
And learn'd their language but to steal their wit: 10
He from that need his country does redeem,
Since those who want may be supply'd from him;
And foreign nations now may borrow more
From Cowley, than we could from them before:
Who, tho' he condescended to admit 15
The Greeks and Romans for his guides in wit,
Yet he those ancient poets does pursue
But as the Spaniards great Columbus do;
He taught them first to the New World to steer,
But they possess all that is precious there. 20

When first his spring of wit began to flow,
It rais'd in some wonder and sorrow too,
That God had so much wit and knowledge lent,
And that they were not in his praises spent.

But those who in his Davideis look, 25
Find they his blossoms for his fruit mistook:
In diff'rent ages diff'rent Muses shin'd,
His green did charm the sense, his ripe the mind.
Writing for Heav'n, he was inspir'd from thence,
And from his theme deriv'd his influence. 30
The Scripture will no more the wicked fright;
His Muse does make religion a delight.

O how severely man is us'd by Fate!
The covetous toil long for an estate,
And having got more than their life can spend, 35
They may bequeath it to a son or friend;

But learning (in which none can have a share,
Unless they climb to it by time and care;
Learning the truest wealth which man can have)
Does, with his body, perish in his grave: 40
To tenements of clay it is confin'd,
Tho' 't is the noblest purchase of the mind:
O why can we thus leave our friends possess'd
Of all our acquisitions but the best?

Still when we study Cowley, we lament 45
That to the world he was no longer lent,
Who like a lightning to our eyes was shown,
So bright he shin'd, and was so quickly gone.
Sure he rejoic'd to see his flame expire,
Since he himself could not have rais'd it higher; 50
For when wise poets can no higher fly,
They would, like saints, in their perfection die.

Tho' Beauty some affection in him bred,
Yet only sacred Learning he would wed,
By which th' illustrious offspring of his brain 55
Shall over Wit's great empire ever reign:
His Works shall live when pyramids of pride
Shrink to such ashes as they long did hide.

That sacrilegious fire (which did last year
Level those piles which Piety did rear) 60
Dreaded near **that** majestick church to fly,
Where English kings and English poets lie;
It at an awful distance did expire;
Such pow'r had sacred ashes o'er that fire;

Such, as it durst not near that structure come, 65
 Which Fate had order'd to be Cowley's tomb;
 And 't will be still preserv'd by being so,
 From what the rage of future flames can do.
 Material fire dares not that place infest
 Where he who had immortal flame does rest. 70
 'There let his urn remain, for it was fit
 Amongst our kings to lay the King of Wit;
 By which the structure more renown'd will prove
 For that part bury'd, than for all above. 74

O D E

UPON THE DEATH OF

MR. COWLEY.

I.

HE who would worthily adorn his hearse,
 Should write in his own way, in his immortal verse;
 But who can such majestick numbers write,
 With such inimitable light?
 His high and noble flights to reach, 5
 'Tis not the art of precept that can teach.
 The world's grown old since Pindar, and to breed
 Another such did twenty ages need.

II.

At last another Pindar came,
 Great as the first in genius and in fame; 10

But that the first in Greek, a conqu'ring language, sung,
And the last wrote but in an island tongue.

Wit, thought, invention, in them both do flow,
As torrents tumbling from the mountains go.

Tho' the great Roman lyrick do maintain 15

That none can equal Pindar's strain,

Cowley with words as full and thoughts as high

As ever Pindar did, does fly;

Of kings and heroes he as boldly sings,

And flies above the clouds, yet never wets his wings.

III.

As fire aspiring, as the sea profound, 21

Nothing in Nature can his fancy bound:

As swift as lightning in its course,

And as resistless in his force.

Whilst other poets, like bees who range the field 25

To gather what the flow'rs will yield,

Glean matter with much toil and pain,

To bring forth verses in an humble strain,

He sees about him round,

Possess'd at once of all that can be found: 30

To his illuminated eye

All things created open lie;

That all his thoughts so clear and so perspicuous be,

That whatsoever he describes we see;

Our souls are with his passions fir'd, 35

And he who does but read him is inspir'd.

IV.

Pindar to Thebes, where first he drew his breath,
 Tho' for his sake his race was sav'd from death
 By th' Macedonian youth, did not more honour
 Than Cowley does his friends and country too. 40
 Had Horace liv'd his wit to understand, [land;
 He ne'er had England thought a rude inhospitable
 Rome might have blush'd, and Athens been ashamed,
 To hear a remote Britain nam'd,
 Who for his parts does match, if not exceed, 45
 The greatest men that they did either breed.

V.

If he had flourish'd when Augustus sway'd,
 Whose peaceful sceptre the whole world obey'd,
 Account of him Mecænas would have made,
 And from the country shade 50
 Him into the cabinet have ta'en
 To divert Cæsar's cares and charm his pain:
 For nothing can such balm infuse
 Into a wearied mind, as does a noble Muse.

VI.

It is not now as 't was in former days, 55
 When all the streets of Rome were strow'd with bays
 To receive Petrarch, who thro' arches rode,
 Triumphal arches! honour'd as a demigod,
 Not for towns conquer'd, or for battles won,
 But vict'ries which were more his own; 60

For victories of Wit, and victories of Art,
In which blind undiscerning Fortune had no part.

VII.

Tho' Cowley ne'er such honours did attain,
As long as Petrarch's Cowley's name shall reign :
'Tis but his dross that's in the grave, 65
His mem'ry Fame from death shall save ;
His bays shall flourish, and be ever green,
When those of conqu'rors are not to be seen. 68

Nec tibi mors ipsa superflua erit.

THOMAS HIGGONS.

ON MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S
DEATH AND BURIAL
AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

BY THE HON. SIR JOHN DENHAM.

OLD Chaucer, like the morningstar,
To us discovers day from far ;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd ;
But he descending to the shades, 5
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows ;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets' god, inspires; 10
By Shakespeare, Johnson, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines:
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep ;
They liv'd to see so many days, 15
Till Time had blasted all their bays :
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest, flow'r
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw. 20
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give,

Old mother Wit and Nature gave
 Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have :
 In Spenser and in Johnson, Art 25
 Of flower Nature got the start;
 But both in him so equal are,
 None knows which bears the happiest share.
 To him no author was unknown,
 Yet what he wrote was all his own ; 30
 He melted not the ancient gold,
 Nor, with Ben. Johnson, did make bold
 To plunder all the Roman stores
 Of poets and of orators.
 Horace's wit and Virgil's state 35
 He did not steal, but emulate,
 And, when he would like them appear,
 Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear :
 He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
 Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece : 40
 To him that language (tho' to none
 Of th' others) as his own was known.
 On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
 The Theban swan extends his wings,
 When thro' th' ethereal clouds he flies : 45
 To the same pitch our swan doth rise ;
 Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
 When on that gale his wings are stretch'd ;
 His fancy and his judgment such,
 Each to the other seem'd too much, 50

His severe judgment (giving law)
 His modest fancy kept in awe ;
 As rigid husbands jealous are,
 When they believe their wives too fair.
 His English stream so pure did flow, 55
 As all that saw and tasted know ;
 But for his Latin vein, so clear,
 Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,
 That were immortal Virgil here,
 Him for his judge he would not fear : 60
 Of that great portraiture, so true
 A copy pencil never drew.
 My Muse her song had ended here,
 But both her Genii straight appear ;
 Joy and amazement her did strike, 65
 Two twins she never saw so like ;
 Such a resemblance of all parts,
 Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
 Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
 And show the world this parallel : 70
 Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
 Still turning over Nature's books,
 Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
 Where profit and delight combine ;
 They gilding dirt, in noble verse 75
 Rustick philosophy rehearse :
 Nor did their actions fall behind
 Their words, but with like candour shin'd :

LXXX ON MR. COWLEY'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd; 80
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire :
'Their bodies to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind :
Yet tho' both fell before their hour, 85
Time on their offspring hath no pow'r :
Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast. 88

ELEGIA DEDICATORIA,

Ad illustrissimam academiam

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

Hoc tibi de nato ditissima Mater egeno
Exiguum immensi pignus Amoris habe.
Heu meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Astringit gratas parcior arca manus,
Túne tui poteris vocem híc agnoscere Nati 5
Tam malè formatam, dissimilem q: tuæ?
Túne híc materni vestigia sacra decoris,
Tu Speculum poteris híc reperire tuum?
Post longum, dices, Cowlei, sic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi speranti, perfide, multa redis? 10
Quæ, dices, Sagæ Lemurésq; Deæq; nocentes
Hunc mihi in Infantis supposuêre loco?
At Tu, sancta Parens, crudelis tu quoque Nati
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi quid Pato Genetrix accedis iniquo? 15
Sit Sors, sed non sis Ipsa Noverca mihi.
Si mihi natali Musarumadolescere in arvo,
Si benè dilecto luxuriare solo,
Si mihi de doctâ licuisset pleniùs undâ
Haurire, ingentem si fatiare sitim, 20
Non ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,
Nec legeres Nomen fusa rubore meum.
Scis benè, scis quæ me Tempestas publica Mundi

Raptatrix vestro sustulit è gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati 25
Poscentem querulo murmure Lactis opem.
Sic quondam ærium Vento bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum Autumnum sæva flagellat Hyems,
Immatura suâ velluntur ab arbore poma,
Et vi victa cadunt; Arbor et ipsa gemit. 30
Nondum succus inest terræ generosus avitæ,
Nondum Sol roseo redditur ore Pater.
O mihi jucundum Grantæ super omnia Nomen!
O penitus toto corde receptus Amor!
O pulchræ sine Luxu Ædes, vitæq; beatæ, 35
Splendida Paupertas, ingenuusq; decor!
O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine Regum
Digna Domus! Trini nomine digna Dei!
O nimium Cereris cumulati munere Campi,
Posthabitis Ænæ quos colit illa jugis! 40
O sacri Fontes! et sacræ Vatibus Umbræ,
Quas recreant Avium Pieridumque chori!
O Camus! Phœbo nullus quo gratior amnis!
Amnibus auriferis invidiosus inops!
Ah mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis, 45
Detque Deus doctâ posse quiete frui;
Qualis eram cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem
Vidisti in ripâ, Came ferene, tuâ;
Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu;
Ille quidem immerito, sed tibi gratus erat. 50
Nam, meminî ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque

Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.
Tunc liquidis tacitisque simul mea vita diebus,
Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ.
At nunc cænosæ luces, atque obice multo 55
Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
Quid mihi Sequanâ opus, Tamesisve aut Tybridis unda?
Tu potis es nostrum tollere, Came, sitim.
Fœlix qui nunquam plus uno viderit amne!
Quique eadem Salicis littora more colit! 60
Fœlix cui non tentatus fordescere Mundus,
Et cui Pauperies nota nitere potest!
Tempore cui nullo misera experientia constat,
Ut res humanas sentiat esse Nihil!
At nos exemplis Fortuna instruxit opimis, 65
Et documentorum satque superquæ dedit.
Cum Capite avulsum Diadema, infractâque Sceptra,
Contusasque Hominum Sorte minante minas,
Parcarum ludos, et non tractabile Fatum,
Et versas fundo vidimus orbis opes. 70
Quis poterit fragilem post talia credere puppim
Infami scopulis naufragiisque Mari?
Tu quoque in hoc Terræ tremuisti, Academia, Motu,
(Nec frustrâ) atquæ ædes contremuere tuæ.
Contremuere ipsæ pacatæ Palladis arces; 75
Et timuit Fulmen Laurea sancta novum.
Ah quanquam iratum, pestem hanc avertere Numen,
Nec saltem Bellis ista licere, velit!
Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; et ecce, perimus!

In nos jus habeat : jus habet omne malum. 80
Tu stabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes; nec tibi Mars ipsa superstes erit.
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
Formosas mittes ad mare Mortis aquas.
Sic Venus humanâ quondam, Dea faucibus dextrâ, 85
(Namque solent ipsis bella nocere Deis)
Imploravit opem superûm, questûsque cievit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
Quid quereris? contemne breves secura dolores;
Nam tibi ferre Necem vulnera nulla valent. 90

MISCELLANIES.

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

I.

I sing two constant lovers' various fate,
The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their loves, their rivals' envy, parents' hate;
I sing their woful life and tragick end,
Aid me, ye Gods! this story to rehearse, 5
This mournful tale, and favour ev'ry verse.

II.

In Florence, for her stately buildings fam'd;
And lofty roofs that emulate the sky,
There dwelt a lovely maid, Constantia nam'd,
Fam'd for the beauty of all Italy; 10
Her lavish Nature did at first adorn
With Pallas' soul in Cytherea's form.

III.

And framing her attractive eyes so bright,
Spent all her wit in study, that they might
Keep earth from Chaos and eternal Night; 15
But envious Death destroyed their glorious light.
Expect not beauty, then, since she did part,
For in her Nature wasted all her art.

IV.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which are
A crown to Phœbus, and her breath so sweet, 20
It did transcend Arabian odours far,
Or smelling flow'rs, wherewith the Spring does greet
Approaching Summer; teeth like falling snow
For white, were placed in a double row.

V.

Her wit excelling praise, ev'n all admire; 25
Her speech was so attractive, it might be
A cause to raise the mighty Pallas' ire,
And stir up envy from that deity.
The maiden-lilies at her sight
Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew white. 30

VI.

She was in birth and parentage as high,
As in her fortune great or beauty rare,
And to her virtuous mind's nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her spotless soul and lovely face 35
You might have seen each deity and grace.

VII.

A scornful boy, Adonis, viewing her,
Would Venus still despise, yet her desire;
Each who but saw was a competitor
And rival, scorch'd alike with Cupid's fire.
The glorious beams of her fair eyes did move 40
And light beholders on their way to love.

VIII.

Among her many suitors a young knight,
 'Bove others wounded with the majesty
 Of her fair presence, presseth most in sight; 45
 Yet seldom his desire can satisfy
 With that bless'd object, or her rareness see;
 For Beauty's guard is watchful Jealousy.

IX.

Ofttimes, that he might see his dearest fair,
 Upon his stately jennet he in th' way 50
 Rides by her house, who neighs, as if he were
 Proud to be view'd by bright Constantia:
 But his poor master, tho' he see her move
 His joy, dares show no look betraying love.

X.

Soon as the Morning left her rosy bed, 55
 And all heav'n's smaller lights were driv'n away,
 She, by her friends, and near acquaintance led,
 Like other maids would walk at break of day:
 Aurora blush'd to see a sight unknown,
 To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own. 60

XI.

Th' obsequious lover follows still her train,
 And where they go that way his journey feigns:
 Should they turn back, he would turn back again,
 For with his love his business still remains.
 Nor is it strange he should be loath to part 65
 For her, whose eyes had stole away his heart.

XII.

Philetus he was call'd, sprung from a race
 Of noble ancestors; but greedy Time
 And envious Fate had labour'd to deface
 The glory which in his great stock did shine: 70
 Small his estate, unfitting her degree:
 But blinded Love could no such diff'rence see.

XIII.

Yet he by chance had hit this heart aright,
 And dipp'd his arrow in Constantia's eyes,
 Blowing a fire that would destroy him quite, 75
 Unless such flames within her heart should rise:
 But yet he fears, because he blinded is,
 Tho' he have shot him right her heart he'll miss.

XIV.

Unto Love's altar therefore he repairs,
 And offers up a pleasing sacrifice, 80
 Entreating Cupid, with inducing pray'rs,
 To look upon and ease his miseries:
 Where having pray'd, recov'ring breath again,
 Thus to immortal Love he did complain:

XV.

“ Oh! mighty Cupid! whose unbounded sway 85
 “ Hath often rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,
 “ Whom all celestial deities obey,
 “ Whom men and gods both reverence and fear!
 “ Oh! force Constantia's heart to yield to love;
 “ Of all thy works the masterpiece 't will prove, 90

XVI.

“ And let me not affection vainly spend,
 “ But kindle flames in her like those in me;
 “ Yet if that gift my fortune doth transcend,
 “ Grant that her charming beauty I may see;
 “ For ever view those eyes, whose charming light 95
 “ More than the world besides does please my sight.

XVII.

“ Those who contemn thy sacred deity,
 “ Laugh at thy pow’r, make them thine anger know;
 “ I faultless am; what honour can it be
 “ Only to wound your slave, and spare your foe?” 100
 Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect moan,
 In language far more moving than his own.

XVIII.

Home he retir’d; his soul he brought not home;
 Just like a ship, while ev’ry mounting wave,
 Toss’d by enraged Boreas up and down, 105
 Threatens the mariner with a gaping grave;
 Such did his case, such did his state appear,
 Alike distracted between hope and fear.

XIX.

Thinking her love he never shall obtain,
 One morn he haunts the woods, and doth complain
 Of his unhappy fate; but all in vain; 110
 And thus fond Echo answers him again.
 It mov’d Aurora, and she wept to hear,
 Dewing the verdant grass with many a tear.

XX.

ECHO.

“OH! what hath caus’d my killing miseries?” 115
 “Eyes,” Echo said. “What has detain’d my ease?”
 “Ease,” straight the reasonable nymph replies;
 “That nothing can my troubled mind appease.”
 “Peace,” Echo answers. “What, is any nigh?”
 Philetus said; she quickly utters, “Aye.” 120

XXI.

“Is ’t Echo answers? tell me then thy will :”
 “I will,” she said. “What shall I get,” says he,
 “By loving still?” to which she answers, “Ill.”
 “Ill? shall I void of wish’d-for pleasure die?”
 “Aye.” “Shall not I who toil in ceaseless pain, 125
 “Some pleasure know?” “No,” she returns again.

XXII.

“False and inconstant Nymph! thou ly’st,” said he
 “Thou ly’st,” she said: “and I deserv’d her hate,
 “If I should thee believe.” “Believe,” said she.
 “For why? thy words are of no weight.” 130
 “Weight,” she answers. “Therefore I’ll depart.”
 To which resounding Echo answers, “Part.”

XXIII.

Then from the woods with wounded heart he goes,
 Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his mind:
 He quarrels with himself, because his woes 135
 Spring from himself, yet can no med’cine find:
 He weeps to quench those fires that burn in him,
 But tears do fall to th’ earth, flames are within.

XXIV.

No morning banish'd darknefs, nor black Night,
 By her alternate courfe, expell'd the day 140
 In which Philetus by a conftant rite
 At Cupid's altars did not weep and pray;
 And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain,
 But care and sorrow was his only gain.

XXV.

But now, at laft, the pitying god, o'ercome 145
 By conftant votes and tears, fix'd in her heart
 A golden shaft: and ſhe is now become
 A ſuppliant to Love, that with like dart
 He 'd wound Philetus; does with tears implore
 Aid from that pow'r ſhe ſo much ſcorn'd before. 150

XXVI.

Little ſhe thinks ſhe kept Philetus' heart
 In her ſcorch'd breaſt, becauſe her own ſhe gave
 To him. Since either ſuffers equal ſmart,
 And a like meaſure in their torments have,
 His foul, his griefs, his fires, now her's are grown;
 Her heart, her mind, her love, is his alone. 156

XXVII.

Whiſt thoughts 'gainſt thoughts riſe up in mutiny,
 She took a lute (being far from any ears)
 And tun'd her ſong, poſing that harmony
 Which poets attribute to heav'nly ſpheres. 160
 Thus had ſhe ſung when her dear love was ſlain,
 She 'd ſurely call'd him back from Styx again.

XXVIII.

SONG.

“ To whom shall I my sorrows show ?
 Not to Love, for he is blind,
 And my Philetus doth not know 165
 The inward torment of my mind :
 And all the senseless walls which are
 Now round about me cannot hear.

XXIX.

For if they could they sure would weep,
 And with my griefs relent, 170
 Unless their willing tears they keep
 Till I from earth am sent :
 Then I believe they 'll all deplore
 My fate, since I taught them before.

XXX.

I willingly would keep my store, 175
 If the flood would land thy love,
 My dear Philetus ! on the shore
 Of my heart ; but shouldst thou prove
 Afraid of flames, know the fires are
 But bonfires for thy coming there.” 180

XXXI.

Then tears, in envy of her speech did flow,
 From her fair eyes, as if it seem'd that there
 Her burning flame had melted hills of snow,
 And so dissolv'd them into many a tear ;
 Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow, 185
 And quickly caus'd new serpent-griefs to grow.

XXXII.

Here stay, my Muse ! for if I should recite
 Her mournful language, I should make you weep,
 Like her, a flood, and so not see to write
 Such lines as I and th' age requires, to keep 190
 Me from stern Death, or with victorious rhyme
 Revenge their master's death and conquer Time.

XXXIII.

By this time Chance, and his own industry,
 Had help'd Philetus forward that he grew
 Acquainted with her brother, so that he 195
 Might, by this means, his bright Constantia view,
 And, as time serv'd, show her his misery :
 This was the first act in his tragedy.

XXXIV.

Thus to himself, sooth'd by his flattering state,
 He said : " How shall I thank thee for this gain, 200
 " O Cupid ! or reward my helping Fate,
 " Which sweetens all my sorrows, all my pain ?
 " What husbandman would any pains refuse,
 " To reap at last such fruit his labours use ?"

XXXV.

But when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful state, 205
 Seeing his griefs link'd, like an endless chain,
 To following woes, he would, when 't was too late,
 Quench his hot flames, and idle love disdain :
 But Cupid, when his heart was set on fire,
 Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire. 210

XXXVI.

The wounded youth and kind Philocrates
 (So was her brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
 So true and constant in their amities,
 And in that league so strictly joined were,
 That death itself could not their friendship sever, 215
 But as they liv'd in love they dy'd together.

XXXVII.

If one be melancholy, th' other's sad;
 If one be sick, the other's surely ill;
 And if Philetus any sorrow had,
 Philocrates was partner in it still; 220
 Pylades' soul and mad Orestes' was
 In these, if we believe Pythagoras.

XXXVIII.

Oft' in the woods Philetus walks, and there
 Exclaims against his fate, fate too unkind;
 With speaking tears his griefs he doth declare, 225
 And with sad sighs instructs the angry wind
 To sigh, and did even upon that prevail;
 It groan'd to hear Philetus' mournful tale.

XXXIX.

The crystal brooks, which gently run between
 The shadowing trees, and as they thro' them pass
 Water the earth and keep the meadows green, 231
 Giving a colour to the verdant grass,
 Hearing Philetus tell his woeful state,
 In show of grief ran murm'ring at his fate.

XL.

Philomel answers him again, and shows, 235
 In her best language, her sad history,
 And in a mournful sweetness tells her woes,
 Denying to be pos'd in misery :
 Constantia he, she Tereus, Tereus cries,
 With him both grief, and grief's expression, vies. 240

XLI.

Philocrates must needs his sadness know,
 Willing in ills as well as joys to share,
 Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,
 Who in light sport, not sorrow, partners are :
 Who leaves to guide the ship when storms arise, 245
 Is guilty both of sin and cowardice.

XLII.

But when his noble friend perceiv'd that he
 Yielded to tyrant Passion more and more,
 Desirous to partake his malady,
 He watches him in hope to cure his sore 250
 By counsel, and recall the pois'nous dart,
 When it, alas! was fixed in his heart.

XLIII.

When in the woods, places best fit for care,
 He to himself did his past griefs recite,
 Th' obsequious friend straight follows him, and there
 Doth hide himself from sad Philetus' sight; 256
 Who thus exclaims, for a swoln heart would break,
 If it for vent of sorrow might not speak.

XLIV.

“ Oh! I am lost, not in this desert wood,
 “ But in Love’s pathless labyrinth; there I 260
 “ My health, each joy and pleasure counted good,
 “ Have lost, and, which is more, my liberty,
 “ And now am forc’d to let him sacrifice
 “ My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.

XLV.

“ Long have I staid, but yet have no relief, 265
 “ Long have I lov’d, yet have no favour shown,
 “ Because she knows not of my killing grief,
 “ And I have fear’d to make my sorrows known.
 “ For why? alas! if she should once but dart
 “ Disdainful looks, ’t would break my captiv’d heart.

XLVI.

“ But how should she, ere I impart my love, 271
 “ Reward my ardent flame with like desire?
 “ But when I speak, if she should angry prove,
 “ Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire;
 “ Why, he who hath all sorrows borne before, 275
 “ Needeth not fear to be oppress’d with more.”

XLVII.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
 Runs to his friend, and, sighing, “ Oh!” said he,
 “ My dear Philetus! be thyself, and swear
 “ To rule that passion which now masters thee, 280
 “ And all thy reason; but if it cannot be,
 “ Give to thy love but eyes, that it may see.”

XLVIII.

Amazement strikes him dumb; what shall he do?
 Should he reveal his love, he fears 't would prove
 A hind'rance; and should he deny to show, 285
 It might perhaps his dear friend's anger move:
 These doubts, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand,
 While Cupid, a blind pilot, doth command.

XLIX.

At last resolv'd; "How shall I seek," said he,
 "T' excuse myself, dearest Philocrates! 290
 "That I from thee have hid this secrecy?
 "Yet censure not, give me first leave to ease
 "My ease with words; my grief you should have known
 "Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

L.

"I am all love; my heart was burnt with fire 295
 "From two bright suns, which do all light disclose;
 "First kindling in my breast the flame desire;
 "But, like the rare Arabian bird, there rose
 "From my heart's ashes never-quenched love,
 "Which now this torment in my soul doth move. 300

LI.

"Oh! let not then my passion cause your hate,
 "Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
 "Your ancient friendship; 't is, alas! too late
 "To call my firm affection back again:
 "No physick can recure my weaken'd state; 305
 "The wound is grown too great, too desperate."

LII.

"But counsel," said his friend, "a remedy
 "Which never fails the patient, may at least,
 "If not quite heal your mind's infirmity,
 "Assuage your torment, and procure some rest; 310
 "But there is no physician can apply
 "A med'cine ere he know the malady."

LIII.

"Then hear me," said Philetus, "But why? stay,
 "I will not toil thee with my history;
 "For to remember sorrows past away, 315
 "Is to renew an old calamity.
 "He who acquainteth others with his moan,
 "Adds to his friend's grief, but not cures his own."

LIV.

"But," said Philocrates, "'t is best in wo
 "To have a faithful partner of their care; 320
 "That burden may be undergone by two,
 "Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
 "I should mistrust your love, to hide from me
 "Your thoughts, and tax you of inconstancy."

LV.

What shall he do? or with what language frame 225
 Excuse? he must resolve not to deny,
 But open his close thoughts and inward flame.
 With that, as prologue to his tragedy,
 He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his torment's ire,
 When they, alas! did blow the raging fire. 330

LVI.

" When years first styl'd me twenty, I began
 " To sport with catching snares that Love had set,
 " Like birds that flutter round the gin till ta'en,
 " Or the poor fly caught in Arachne's net :
 " Ev'n so I sported with her beauties light, 335
 " Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

LVII.

" First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought
 " 'Twas easy to repel it ; but as fire,
 " Tho' but a spark, soon into flames is brought, 339
 " So mine grew great, and quickly mounted high'r ;
 " Which so has scorch'd my love-struck soul, that I
 " Still live in torment, yet each minute die."

LVIII.

" Who is it," said Philocrates, " can move
 " With charming eyes such deep affection ?
 " I may perhaps assist you in your love ; 343
 " Two can effect more than yourself alone.
 " My counsel this thy error may reclaim,
 " Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame."

LIX.

" Nay," said Philetus, " oft' my eyes do flow
 " Like Nilus, when it scorns the oppos'd shore ; 350
 " Yet all the wat'ry plenty I bestow
 " Is to my flame an oil that feeds it more :
 " So Fame reports of the Dodonéan spring,
 " That lightens all those which are put therein.

LX.

“ But, being you desire to know her, she 355
 “ Is call’d (with that his eyes let fall a shower,
 “ As if they fain would drown the memory
 “ Of his life-keeper’s name) Constantia !” More
 Grief would not let him utter ; tears, the best
 Expressers of true sorrows, spoke the rest. 360

LXI.

To which his noble friend did thus reply :
 “ And was this all ? whate’er your grief would ease,
 “ Tho’ a far greater task, believe ’t for thee
 “ It should be soon done by Philocrates :
 “ Think all you wish perform’d ; but see, the day,
 “ Tir’d with its heat, is hast’ning now away.” 366

LXII.

Home from the silent woods Night bids them go,
 But sad Philetus can no comfort find ;
 What in the day he fears of future wo, 369
 At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
 Why dost thou vex him, Love ? couldst thou but see,
 Thou wouldst thyself Philetus’ rival be.

LXIII.

Philocrates, pitying his doleful moan,
 And wounded with the sorrows of his friend,
 Brings him to fair Constantia, where alone 375
 He might impart his love, and either end
 His fruitless hopes, nipp’d by her coy disdain,
 Or by her liking his wish’d joys attain.

LXIV.

[ver,

"Fairest!" said he, "whom the bright heav'ns do co-
 "Do not these tears, these speaking tears! despise,
 "These heaving sighs of a submissive lover, 381
 "Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazzling eyes;
 "And do not you condemn that ardent flame
 "Which from yourself, your own fair beauty, came.

LXV.

"Trust me, I long have hid my love, but now 385
 "Am forc'd to show 't, such is my inward smart;
 "And you alone, fair Saint! the means do know
 "To heal the wound of my consuming heart:
 "Then since it only in your pow'r doth lie
 "To kill or save, oh! help; or else I die." 390

LXVI.

His gently cruel love did thus reply;
 "I for your pain am grieved, and would do,
 "Without impeachment of my chastity
 "And honour, any thing might pleasure you;
 "But if beyond those limits you demand, 395
 "I must not answer, Sir, nor understand."

LXVII.

"Believe me, virtuous Maiden! my desire
 "Is chaste and pious as thy virgin-thought,
 "No flash of lust, 't is no dishonest fire,
 "Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought; 400
 "But as thy beauty pure, which let not be
 "Eclipsed by disdain and cruelty."

LXVIII.

" Oh ! how shall I reply ?" she cry'd ; " thou'lt won
 " My soul, and therefore take thy victory :
 " Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o'ercome,
 " And if I should deny thee love, then I 406
 " Should be a tyrant to myself ; that fire
 " Which is kept close burns with the greatest ire.

LXIX.

" Yet do not count my yielding lightness now ;
 " Impute it rather to my ardent love ; 410
 " Thy pleasing carriage won me long ago,
 " And pleading Beauty did my liking move : [might
 " Thy eyes, which draw like loadstones with their
 " The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me quite."

LXX.

" Oh ! I am rapt above the reach," said he, 415
 " Of thought ; my soul already feels the bliss
 " Of heav'n. When, Sweet ! my thoughts once tax but
 " With any crime, may I lose all happiness [thee
 " It wish'd for ; both your favour here, and dead ;
 " May the just gods pour vengeance on my head."

LXXI.

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their fate !) 421
 Constantia's father enter'd in the room :
 When glad Philetus, ignorant of his state,
 Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting sun,
 Or else the Morn, blushing thro' clouds of water,
 To see ascending Sol congratulate her. 426

LXXII.

Just as the guilty prisoner fearful stands,
 Reading his fatal Theta in the brows
 Of him who both his life and death commands,
 Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knows ; 430
 Such was his state to see her father come,
 Nor wish'd for, nor expected, in the room.

LXXIII.

Th' enrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
 Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be
 At any time with his lov'd daughter there, 435
 Till he had given him such authority :
 But to depart, since she her love did show him,
 Was living death, with ling'ring torments, to him.

LXXIV.

This being known to kind Philocrates,
 He cheers his friend, bidding him banish fear, 440
 And by some letter his griev'd mind appease,
 And show her that which to her friendly ear
 Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
 Declares to her the absent lover's will.

LETTER. PHILETUS TO CONSTANTIA.

“ I TRUST, dear Soul! my absence cannot move 445
 “ You to forget, or doubt my ardent love ;
 “ For were there any means to see you, I
 “ Would run thro' death, and all the misery
 “ Fate could inflict, that so the world might say,
 “ In life and death I lov'd Constantia, 450

“ Then let not, dearest Sweet ! our absence part
 “ Our loves, but each breast keep the other’s heart ;
 “ Give warmth to one another, till there rise
 “ From all our labours and our industries 454
 “ The long-expected fruits. Have patience, Sweet !
 “ There’s no man whom the summer-pleasures greet
 “ Before he taste the winter ; none can say,
 “ Ere night was gone, he saw the rising day.
 “ So when we once have wasted Sorrow’s night,
 “ The sun of comfort then shall give us light.” 460

PHILETUS.

LXXV.

This when Constantia read, she thought her state
 Most happy by Philetus’ constancy
 And perfect love : she thanks her flatt’ring fate,
 Kisses the paper, till with kissing she
 The welcome characters doth dull and stain,
 Then thus with ink and tears writes back again. 466

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

“ Your absence, Sir, tho’ it be long, yet I
 “ Neither forget nor doubt your constancy ;
 “ Nor need you fear that I should yield unto
 “ Another what to your true love is due. 470
 “ My heart is your’s ; it is not in my claim,
 “ Nor have I pow’r to take it back again. [time,
 “ There’s nought but death can part our souls : no
 “ Or angry friends shall make my love decline :

“ But for the harvest of our hopes I’ll stay, 475
 “ Unless Death cut it, ere ’t is ripe, away.”

CONSTANTIA.

LXXVI.

Oh! how this letter seem’d to raise his pride!
 Prouder was he of this than Phaeton,
 When he did Phœbus’ flaming chariot guide,
 Unknowing of the danger was to come: 480
 Prouder than Jason, when from Colchos he
 Returned with the Fleece’s victory.

LXXVII.

But ere the autumn, which fair Ceres crown’d,
 Had paid the sweating ploughman’s greediest pray’r,
 And by the fall disrob’d the gaudy ground 485
 Of all those ornaments it us’d to wear;
 Them kind Phil’crates to each other brought,
 Where they this meanst’ enjoy their freedom wrought.

LXXVIII.

“ Sweet fair one!” said Philetus, “ since the time
 “ Favours our wish, and does afford us leave 490
 “ T’ enjoy our loves, oh! let us not resign
 “ This long’d-for favour, nor ourselves bereave
 “ Of what we wish’d for, opportunity,
 “ That may too soon the wings of Love outfly:

LXXIX.

“ For when your father, as his custom is, 495
 “ For pleasure doth pursue the tim’rous hare,

" If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
 " To be in those woods ready for you, where
 " We may depart in safety, and no more
 " With dreams of pleasure only heal our sore." 500

LXXX.

To this the happy lovers soon agree;
 But ere they part Philetus begs to hear,
 From her enchanting voice's melody,
 One song to satisfy his longing ear:
 She yields; and, singing, added to desire:
 The list'ning youth increas'd his am'rous fire. 506

SONG.

1.

" TIME! fly with greater speed away,
 Add feathers to thy wings,
 Till thy haste in flying brings
 That wish'd-for and expected day. 510

2.

Comforts, Sun! we then shall see,
 Tho' at first it darken'd be
 With dangers, yet those clouds but gone,
 Our Day will put his lustre on.

3.

Then tho' Death's sad night appear, 515
 And we in lonely silence rest,
 Our ravish'd souls no more shall fear,
 But with lasting day be blest.

4.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power. 520
Thus there's nothing can dis sever
Hearts which Love hath join'd together."

LXXXI.

Fear of being seen Philetus homeward drove;
But ere they part she willingly doth give
(As faithful pledges of her constant love) 525
Many a soft kiss; then they each other leave,
Rapt up with secret joy that they have found
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

LXXXII.

But ere the sun thro' many days had run,
Constantia's charming beauty had o'ercome 530
Guifardo's heart, and scorn'd affection won:
Her eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,
Shot thro' his wounded heart such hot desire,
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

LXXXIII.

In roofs which gold and Parian stone adorn 535
(Proud as the owner's mind) he did abound;
In fields so fertile for their yearly corn,
As might contend with scorch'd Calabria's ground;
But in his soul, that should contain the store
Of surest riches, he was base and poor. 540

LXXXIV.

Him was Constantia urg'd continually,
 By her friends, to love : sometimes they did entreat
 With gentle speeches and mild courtesy,
 Which when they see despised by her, they threat.
 But love too deep was seated in her heart, 545
 To be worn out with thought of any smart.

LXXXV.

Soon did her father to the woods repair,
 To seek for sport, and hunt the started game;
 Guifardo and Philocrates were there,
 With many friends, too tedious here to name : 550
 With them Constantia went, but not to find
 The bear or wolf, but Love, all mild and kind.

LXXXVI.

Being enter'd in the pathless woods, while they
 Pursue their game, Philetus, who was late
 Hid in a thicket, carries straight away 555
 His love, and hastens his own hasty fate,
 That came too soon upon him, and his sun
 Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

LXXXVII.

Constantia mis'd, the hunters in amaze
 Take each a sev'ral course, and by curs'd Fate 560
 Guifardo runs, with a love-carried pace,
 Tow' rds them, who little knew their woful state :
 Philetus, like bold Icarus, soaring high
 To honours, found the depth of misery :

LXXXVIII.

For when Guifardo sees his rival there, 565
 Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
 Philetus, who such fortune did not fear,
 And with his sword a way to 's heart does find :
 But e'er his spirits were possess'd of death,
 In these few words he spent his latest breath. 570

LXXXIX.

“ O see, Constantia! my short race is run ;
 “ See how my blood the thirsty ground doth dye ;
 “ But live thou happier than thy love hath done,
 “ And when I 'm dead think sometimes upon me.
 “ More my short time permits me not to tell, 575
 “ For now Death seizes me. My Dear! farewell.”

XC.

As soon as he had spoke these words life fled
 From his pierc'd body, whilst Constantia she
 Kisses his cheeks, that lose their lively red,
 And become pale and wan : and now each eye 580
 Which was so bright, is like, when life was done,
 A star that's fall'n, or an eclipsed sun.

XCI.

Thither Philocrates was driv'n by Fate,
 And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth ;
 Near his pale corpse his weeping sister sat, 585
 Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth.
 Philocrates, when he saw this, did cry,
 “ Friend, I 'll revenge, or bear thee company.

XCII.

"Just Jove hath sent me to revenge this fate.
 "Nay, stay, Guifardo! think not Heav'n in jest; 590
 "'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy state:"
 Then thrust his sword into the villain's breast.
 "Here," said Philocrates, "thy life I send
 "A sacrifice t' appease my slaughter'd friend."

XCIII.

But as he fell, "Take this reward," said he, 595
 "For thy new victory." With that he flung
 His darted rapier at his enemy,
 Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
 With that he falls, but lifting up his eyes,
 "Farewell, Constantia!" that word said he dies. 600

XCIV.

What shall she do? she to her brother runs,
 His cold and lifeless body does embrace;
 She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,
 And with her kisses warms his clammy face.
 "My dear Philocrates!" she weeping cries, 605
 "Speak to thy sister;" but no voice replies.

XCV.

Then running to her love, with many a tear
 Thus her mind's fervent passion she express'd;
 "O stay, bless'd Soul! stay but a little here,
 "And take me with you to a lasting rest; 610
 "Then to Elysium's mansions both shall fly,
 "Be married there, and never more to die."

XCVI.

But seeing 'em both dead, she cry'd, " Ah me!
 " Ah, my Philetus! for thy sake will I
 " Make up a full and perfect tragedy. 615
 " Since 't was for me Dear Love! that thou didst die,
 " I 'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore:
 " These eyes that saw thee kill'd shall see no more.

XCVII.

" It shall not, sure, be said that thou didst die,
 " And thy Constantia live when thou wast slain: 620
 " No, no, dear Soul! I will not stay from thee,
 " That will reflect upon my valu'd fame."
 Then piercing her sad breast, " I come," she cries;
 And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

XCVIII.

Her soul being fled to its eternal rest, 625
 Her father comes, and seeing this, he falls
 To th' earth, with grief too great to be express'd:
 Whose doleful words my tired Muse me calls
 T' o'erpass, which I most gladly do, for fear
 That I should toil too much the reader's ear. 630

To the Right Worshipful, my very loving Master,

MR. LAMBERT OSBOLSON,

CHIEF MASTER OF WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL.

SIR,

*My childish Muse is in her Spring, and yet
Can only show some budding of her wit :
One frown upon her work, learn'd Sir ! from you,
Like some unkind storm shot from your brow,
Would turn her Spring to with'ring Autumn's time, 5
And make her blossoms perish ere their prime :
But if you smile, if in your gracious eye
She an auspicious alpha can descry,
How soon will they grow fruit ! how fresh appear,
That had such beams their infancy to cheer ! 10
Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then
The earliest off'ring of her grateful pen. 12*

Your most dutiful scholar,

ABR. COWLEY.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Tandem fit furculus arbor.

I. 6

WHEN Babylon's high walls erected were
By mighty Ninus' wife, two houses join'd :
One Thisbe liv'd in, Pyramus the fair
In th' other ; earth ne'er boasted such a pair.
The very walls themselves combin'd, 5
And grew in one, just like their masters' mind.

II.

Thiſſe all other women did excel,
 The Queen of Love leſs lovely was than ſhe;
 And Pyramus more ſweet than tongue can tell,
 Nature grew proud in framing them ſo well: 10
 But Venus envying they ſo fair ſhould be,
 Bids her ſon Cupid ſhow his cruelty.

III.

The all-ſubduing god his bow doth bend,
 Whets and prepares his moſt remorseleſs dart,
 Which he unſeen into their hearts did ſend, 15
 And ſo was Love the cauſe of Beauty's end:
 But could he ſee, he had not wrought their ſmart;
 For pity ſure would have o'ercome his heart.

IV.

Like as a bird which in the net is ta'en,
 By ſtruggling more entangles in the gin, 20
 So they who in Love's labyrinth remain,
 With ſtriving never can a freedom gain:
 The way to enter's broad; but being in,
 No art, no labour, can an exit win.

V.

Theſe lovers, tho' their parents did reprove 25
 Their fires, and watch'd their deed with jealouſy,
 Tho' in theſe ſtorms no comfort can remove
 The various doubts and fears that cool hot Love;
 Tho' he not her's, nor ſhe his face could ſee,
 Yet this cannot aboliſh Love's decree. 30

VI.

For age had crack'd the wall which them did part ;
This th' unanimous couple soon did spy,
And here their inward sorrows did impart,
Unlading the sad burden of their heart.
Tho' Love be blind, this shows he can descry 35
A way to lessen his own misery.

VII.

Oft' to the friendly cranny they resort,
And feed themselves with the celestial air
Of odoriferous breath ; no other sport
They could enjoy, yet think the time but short, 40
And wish that it again renewed were,
To suck each other's breath for ever there.

VIII.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their fate,
And sometimes they accus'd imperial Jove ;
Sometimes repent their flames ; but all too late ; 45
The arrow could not be recall'd ; their state
Was first ordain'd by Jupiter above,
And Cupid had appointed they should love.

IX.

They curs'd the wall that did their kisses part,
And to the stones their mournful words they sent, 50
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
And by their tears could understand their smart ;
But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their sighs, alas ! would it relent.

X.

This in effect they said; "Curs'd Wall! O why 55
 "Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love
 "Breaks thorough all thy flinty cruelty;
 "For both our souls so closely joined lie,
 "That nought but angry Death can them remove,
 "And tho' he part them, yet they 'll meet above."

XI.

Abortive tears from their fair eyes outflow'd, 61
 And damm'd the lovely splendour of their sight,
 Which seem'd like Titan, whilst some wat'ry cloud
 O'erspreads his face, and his bright beams doth shroud;
 Till Vesper chase away the conquer'd light, 65
 And forceth them, tho' loath, to bid good night.

XII.

But ere Aurora, usher to the day,
 Began with welcome lustre to appear,
 The lovers rise, and at the cranny they
 Thus to each other their thoughts open lay, 70
 With many a sigh and many a speaking tear,
 Whose grief the pitying Morning blush'd to hear.

XIII.

"Dear love!" said Pyramus, "how long shall we,
 "Like fairest flow'rs, not gather'd in their prime,
 "Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee, 75
 "Till we bewail at last our cruelty
 "Upon ourselves? for beauty, tho' it shine
 "Like day, will quickly find an ev'ning-time.

XIV.

“ Therefore, sweet Thifbe! let us meet this night
“ At Ninus’ tomb, without the city wall, 80
“ Under the mulberry-tree, with berries white
“ Abounding, there t’ enjoy our wish’d delight :
“ For mounting love stopp’d in its course doth fall,
“ And long’d-for, yet untasted joys kills all.

XV.

“ What tho’ our cruel parents angry be? 85
“ What tho’ our friends, alas! are, too, unkind?
“ Time, that now offers, quickly may deny,
“ And soon hold back fit opportunity.
“ Who lets slip Fortune, he shall never find;
“ Occasion once past by is bald behind.” 90

XVI.

She soon agreed to that which he requir’d,
For little wooing needs where both consent;
What he so long had pleaded she desir’d;
Which Venus seeing, with blind Chance conspir’d,
And many a charming accent to her sent, 95
That she at last would frustrate their intent.

XVII.

Thus beauty is by Beauty’s means undone,
Striving to close those eyes that make her bright;
Just like the moon, which seeks t’ eclipse the sun,
Whence all her splendour, all her beams, do come :
So she who fetches lustre from their sight, 100
Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

XVIII.

Unto the mulberry-tree fair Thisbe came,
Where having rested long, at last she 'gan
Against her dearest Pyramus t' exclaim, 105
Whilst various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain,
And imitating thus the silver swan,
A little while before her death, she sang.

SONG.

I.

"COME, Love! why stayest thou? the night
Will vanish ere we taste delight : 110
The moon obscures herself from sight,
Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

2.

Come quickly, Dear! be brief as Time,
Or we by Morn shall be o'erta'en,
Love's joys thine own as well as mine ; 115
Spend not, therefore, the time in vain."

XIX.

Here doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant song,
And for her lover's stay sent many a sigh,
Her Pyramus she thought did tarry long,
And that his absence did her too much wrong : 120
Then, betwixt longing hope and jealousy
She fears, yet 's loath to tax his loyalty.

XX.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken ;
 Sometimes that danger hath befallen him ;
 She fears that he another love hath taken ; 125
 Which being but imagin'd soon doth waken
 Numberless thoughts, which on her heart did fling
 Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

XXI.

While she thus musing sat, ran from the wood
 An angry lion to the crystal springs 130
 Near to that place, who coming from his food,
 His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood :
 Swifter than thought sweet Thisbe straight begins
 To fly from him ; fear gave her swallows' wings.

XXII.

As she avoids the lion, her desire 135
 Bids her to stay, lest Pyramus should come
 And be devour'd by the stern lion's ire,
 So she for ever burn in unquench'd fire ;
 But fear expels all reasons ; she doth run
 Into a darksome cave ne'er seen by sun. 140

XXIII.

With haste she let her looser mantle fall ;
 Which when th' enraged lion did espy,
 With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small,
 Whilst Thisbe ran and look'd not back at all :
 For could the senseless beast her face descry, 145
 It had not done her such an injury.

XXIV.

The night half wasted, Pyramus did come ;
Who seeing printed in the yielding sand
The lion's paw, and by the fountain some
Of Thisbe's garment, sorrow struck him dumb : 150
Just like a marble statue did he stand,
Cut by some skilful graver's artful hand.

XXV.

Recov'ring breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
Washing with tears the torn and bloody weed :
" I may," said he, " myself for her death blame, 155
" Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame ;
" Since she is dead whose beauty doth exceed
" All that frail man can either hear or read."

XXVI.

This spoke, he drew his fatal sword, and said,
" Receive my crimson blood, as a due debt 160
" Unto thy constant love, to which 'tis paid :
" I straight will meet thee in the pleasant shade
" Of cool Elysium, where we being met,
" Shall taste those joys that here we could not get."

XXVII.

Then thro' his breast thrusting his sword, life hies
From him, and he makes haste to seek his fair ; 166
And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,
His blood had dropt upon the mulberries,
With which th' unspotted berries stained were,
And ever since with red they colour'd are. 170

XXVIII.

At last fair Thisbe left the den, for fear
Of disappointing Pyramus, since she
Was bound by promise for to meet him there;
But when she saw the berries changed were
From white to black, she knew not certainly 175
It was the place where they agreed to be.

XXIX.

With what delight, thro' the dark cave she came,
Thinking to tell how she escap'd the beast;
But when she saw her Pyramus lie slain,
Ah! how perplex'd did her sad soul remain! 180
She tears her golden hair, and beats her breast,
And every sign of raging grief express'd.

XXX.

She blames all-pow'rful Jove, and strives to take
His bleeding body from the moisten'd ground;
She kisses his pale face, till she doth make 185
It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake
His parting soul with mournful words; his wound
Washes with tears, that her sweet speech confound.

XXXI.

But afterwards recov'ring breath, said she,
"Alas! what chance hath parted thee and me? 190
"O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,
"That of thy death I may a partner be;
"Tell Thisbe what hath caus'd this tragedy."
He, hearing Thisbe's name, lifts up his eyes,

XXXII.

And on his love he rais'd his dying head, 195
 Where striving long for breath, at last, said he,
 " O Thifbe ! I am hasting to the dead,
 " And cannot heal that wound my fear hath made.
 " Farewell, sweet Thifbe ! we must parted be,
 " For angry Death will force me soon from thee."

XXXIII.

Life did from him, he from his mistress, part, 201
 Leaving his love to languish here in wo.
 What shall she do ? how shall she ease her heart ?
 Or with what language speak her inward smart ?
 Usurping passion reason doth o'erflow ; 205
 She vows that with her Pyramus she 'll go.

XXXIV.

Then takes the sword wherewith her love was slain,
 With Pyramus his crimson blood warm still,
 And said, " O stay, blest'd Soul ! awhile refrain,
 " That we may go together, and remain 210
 " In endless joy, and never fear the ill
 " Of grudging friends." — Then she herself did kill.

XXXV.

To tell what grief their parents did sustain,
 Were more than my rude quill can overcome ;
 Much they did weep and grieve, but all in vain ; 215
 For weeping calls not back the dead again.
 Both in one grave were laid, when life was done,
 And these few words were writ upon the tomb.

EPIGRAPH.

1.

UNDERNEATH this marble stone
 Lie two beauties join'd in one : 220
 Two whose loves death could not sever,
 For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

2.

Two whose souls, b'ing too divine
 For earth, in their own sphere now shine :
 Who have left their loves to fame,
 And their earth to earth again. 226

A DREAM OF ELYSIUM.

PHOEBUS, expell'd by the approaching night,
 Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashful light,
 While I, with leaden Morpheus overcome,
 The Muse whom I adore, enter'd the room.
 Her hair with looser curiosity, 3
 Did on her comely back dishevell'd lie;
 Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,
 As might have wak'd sleeping Endymion.
 She bade me rise, and promis'd I should see
 Those fields, those mansions of felicity, 10
 We mortals so admire at : speaking thus,
 She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegafus,
 On whom I rode, knowing wherever she
 Did go, that place must needs a temple be.

No sooner was my flying courser come 15
To the blest'd dwellings of Elysium,
When straight a thousand unknown joys resort,
And hemm'd me round, chaste Love's innocuous sport:
A thousand sweets, bought with no foll'wing gall,
Joys, not like ours short, but perpetual. 20
How many objects charm my wand'ring eye,
And bid my soul gaze there eternally?
Here in full streams, Bacchus! thy liquor flows,
Nor knows to ebb: here Jove's broad tree bestows
Distilling honey: here doth nectar pass 25
With copious current thro' the verdant grass:
Here Hyacinth his fate writ in his looks,
And thou, Narcissus! loving still the brooks,
Once lovely boys; and Acis, now a flower,
Are nourish'd, with that rarer herb, whose power 30
Created thee, War's potent God: here grows
The spotless lily and the blushing rose;
And all those diverse ornaments abound,
That variously may paint the gaudy ground.
No willow, Sorrow's garland, there hath room, 35
Nor cypress, sad attendant of a tomb:
None but Apollo's tree, and th' ivy twine
Embracing the stout oak, the fruitful vine,
And trees with golden apples loaded down,
On whose fair tops sweet Philomel alone, 40
Unmindful of her former misery,
Tunes with her voice a ravishing harmony,

Whilst all the murm'ring brooks that glide along,
Make up a burden to her pleasing song.
No screech-owl, sad companion of the night, 45
No hideous raven, with prodigious flight,
Prefaging future ill : nor, Progne ! thee
Yet spotted with young Itys' tragedy,
'Those sacred bow'rs receive. There's nothing there
That is not pure, all innocent, and rare. 50
Turning my greedy sight another way,
Under a row of storm-contemning bay,
I saw the Thracian singer with his lyre
Teach the deaf stones to hear him and admire :
Him the whole poets' chorus compass'd round, 55
All whom the oak, all whom the laurel, crown'd.
'There banish'd Ovid had a lasting home,
Better than thou couldst give, ungrateful Rome !
And Lucan (spight of Nero) in each vein
Had ev'ry drop of his spilt blood again. 60
Homer, Sol's first-born, was not poor or blind,
But saw as well in body as in mind.
'Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the rest
Of Greece's admir'd wise men, here possess'd
A large reward for their past deeds, and gain 65
A life as everlasting as their fame.

By these the valiant heroes take their place,
All who stern Death and perils did embrace
For Virtue's cause. Great Alexander there
Laughs at the earth's small empire, and does wear 70

A nobler crown than the whole world could give.
 There did Horatius, Cocles, Sceva, live,
 And valiant Decius, who now freely cease
 From war, and purchase an eternal peace.

Next them, beneath a myrtle bow'r, where doves
 And gallefs pigeons build their nests, all Love's 76
 True faithful servants, with an am'rous kiss,
 And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.
 Leander with his beauteous Heroe plays,
 Nor are they parted with dividing seas. 80
 Portia enjoys her Brutus, Death no more
 Can now divorce their wedding as before.
 Thisbe her Pyramus kiss'd, his Thisbe he
 Embrac'd, each blest'd with th' other's company :
 And every couple always dancing, sing 85
 Eternal pleasures to Elysium's king.
 But see how soon these pleasures fade away,
 How near to ev'ning is Delight's short day !
 The watching bird, true nuncius of the light,
 Straight crow'd, and all then vanish'd from my sight :
 My very Muse herself forsook me too. 91
 Me grief and wonder wak'd; what should I do?
 Oh ! let me follow thee, said I, and go
 From life, that I may dream for ever so.
 With that my flying Muse I thought to clasp 95
 Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.
 Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,
 And all our greatest pleasure's but a dream 98

ON HIS MAJESTY'S

RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

GREAT Charles! (there stop, ye Trumpeters of Fame,
 For he who speaks his titles, his great name,
 Must have a breathing time) our King: stay there,
 Speak by degrees, let th' inquisitive ear
 Be held in doubt, and ere you say, Is come, 5
 Let every heart prepare a spacious room
 For ample joys, then lo sing as loud
 As thunder shot from the divided cloud.

Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian waves
 The ruby of the rock, the pearl that paves 10
 Great Neptune's court; let every sparrow bear
 From the three Sisters' weeping bark a tear:
 Let spotted lynxes their sharp talons fill
 With crystal fetch'd from the Promethean hill:
 Let Cytherea's birds fresh wreaths compose, 15
 Knitting the pale-fac'd lily with the rose:
 Let the selfgotten phoenix rob his nest,
 Spoil his own fun'ral pile, and all his best
 Of myrrh, of frankincense, of Cassia, bring,
 To strew the way for our returned King. 20

Let every post a panegyrick wear,
 Each wall, each pillar, gratulations bear;
 And yet let no man invoke a Muse;
 The very matter will itself infuse

A sacred fury. Let the merry bells 25
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
Ring without help of sexton, and presage
A new-made holyday for future age.

And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate
A golden temple to propitious Fate, 30
At the return of any noblemen,
Of heroes, or of emp'rors, we must then
Raise up a double trophy, for their fame
Was but the shadow of our Charles his name.
Who is there where all virtues mingled flow? 35
Where no defects or imperfections grow?
Whose head is always crown'd with victory
Snatch'd from Bellona's hand; him Luxury
In peace debilitates; whose tongue can win
Tully's own garland, Pride to him creeps in: 40
On whom, like Atlas' shoulders, the propt state
(As he were *primum mobile* of Fate)
Solely relies; him blind Ambition moves,
His tyranny the bridled subject proves.
But all those virtues which they all possess'd 45
Divided, are collected in thy breast,
Great Charles! Let Cæsar boast Pharfalia's fight;
Honorius praise the Parthians' unfeign'd flight;
Let Alexander call himself Jove's peer,
And place his image near the Thunderer; 50
Yet while our Charles with equal balance reigns
Twixt Mercy and Aſtrea, and maintains

A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
Who is most near, most like, the Deity. 54

A SONG ON THE SAME.

Hence, clouded Looks! hence, briny Tears!
Hence, eye that Sorrow's liv'ry wears!
What tho' awhile Apollo please
To visit the Antipodes?
Yet he returns, and with his light 5
Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.
What tho' the Spring vanish away,
And with it the earth's form decay?
Yet his new birth will soon restore
What its departure took before. 10
What tho' we miss'd our absent King
Awhile? great Charles is come again,
And with his presence makes us know
The gratitude to Heav'n we owe.
So doth a cruel storm impart 15
And teach us Palinurus' art:
So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus doth arise. 18

THE WISH.

I.

Lest the misjudging world should chance to say
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,
To whisper in Jove's ear
How much I wish that funeral,
Or gape at such a great one's fall, 5
This let all ages hear,
And future times in my soul's picture see
What I abhor, what I desire to be.

II.

I would not be a Puritan, tho' he
Can preach two hours, and yet his sermon be 10
But half a quarter long ;
Tho' from his old mechanick trade
By vision he 's a pastor made,
His faith was grown so strong ;
Nay, tho' he think to gain salvation 15
By calling the Pope the Whore of Babylon.

III.

I would not be a schoolmaster, tho' to him
His rods no less than Consuls' fasces seem ;
Tho' he in many a place ;
Turns Lily oft'ner than his gowns, 20
Till at the last he makes the nouns
Fight with the verbs apace ;
Nay, tho' he can in a poetick heat,
Figures, born since, out of poor Virgil beat.

IV.

I would not be a Justice of Peace, tho' he 25
Can with equality divide the fee,
And stakes with his clerk draw;
Nay, tho' he sit upon the place
Of judgment, with a learned face
Intricate as the law; 30
And whilst he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks Priscian's head with sentences securely.

V.

I would not be a Courtier, tho' he
Makes his whole life the truest comedy;
Altho' he be a man 35
In whom the tailor's forming art,
And nimble barber, claim more part
Than Nature herself can;
Tho', as he uses men, 't is his intent
To put off Death too with a compliment. 40

VI.

From lawyers' tongues, tho' they can spin with ease
The shortest cause into a paraphrase,
From usurers' conscience
(For swallowing up young heirs so fast,
Without all doubt they 'll choke at last) 45
Make me all innocence,
Good Heav'n! and from thy eyes, O Justice! keep;
For tho' they be not blind they 're oft' asleep.

VII.

From singing-men's religion, who are
Always at church, just like the crows, 'cause there 50
They build themselves a nest;
From too much poetry, which shines
With gold in nothing but its lines,
Free, O you Pow'rs! my breast;
And from astronomy, which in the skies 55
Finds fish and bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

VIII.

From your Court-madam's beauty, which doth carry
At morning May, at night a January;
From the grave City-brow
(For tho' it want an R, it has 60
The letter of Pythagoras)
Keep me, O Fortune! now,
And chinees of beef innumerable fend me,
Or from the stomach of the guard defend me.

IX.

This only grant me, that my means may lie 65
'Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone:
'Th' unknowers are better than ill known:
Rumour can ope the grave. 70
Acquaintants I would have, but when 't depends
Not from the number, but the choice of friends.

X.

Books should, not bus'ness, entertain the light,
 And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
 My house a cottage more 75
 Than palace, and should fitting be
 For all my use, not luxury;
 My garden, painted o'er
 With Nature's hand, not Art's, that pleasure yield
 Horace might envy in his Sabine field. 80

XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
 For he that runs it well twice runs his race;
 And in this true delight,
 These unbought sports, and happy state,
 I would not fear nor wish my fate, 85
 But boldly say each night,
 To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
 Or in clouds hide them, I have liv'd to-day. 88

A POETICAL REVENGE.

WESTMINSTER-HALL a friend and I agreed
 To meet in. He (some business 't was did breed
 His absence) came not there. I up did go
 To the next court; for tho' I could not know
 Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear 5
 (As most spectators do at theatre)

Things very strange. Fortune did seem to grace
My coming there, and help'd me to a place :
But being newly settled at the sport,
A semi-gentleman of the Inns of Court, 10
In latin suit, redeem'd but yesterday,
One who is ravish'd with a cockpit play,
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
Besides a tailor's bill, and fears no devil
Besides a serjeant, thrust me from my seat; 15
At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat
Man in a ruff (whom therefore I did take
For barrister) open'd his mouth and spake:
" Boy! get you gone; this is no school." " Oh, no;
" For if it were, all you gown'd men would go 20
" Up for false Latin." They grew straight to be
Incens'd; I fear'd they would have brought on me
An action of Trespas, till the young man
Afore said, in the latin suit, began
To strike me. Doubtless there had been a fray, 25
Had not I providently skipp'd away
Without replying; for to scold is ill,
Where ev'ry tongue's the clapper of a mill,
And can outsound Homer's Gradivus; so
Away got I; but ere I far did go, 30
I flung (the darts of wounding poetry)
These two or three sharp curses back: May he
Be by his father in his study took
At Shakespeare's Plays, instead of my Lord Coke.

May he (tho' all his writings grow as soon 33
 As Fleckno's out of estimation)
 Get him a poet's name, and so ne'er come
 Into a serjeant's or dead judge's room :
 May he become some poor physician's prey,
 Who keeps men with that conscience in delay 40
 As he his client doth, till his health be
 As far fetch'd as a Greek noun's pedigree :
 Nay, for all that, may the disease be gone
 Never but in the long vacation :
 May neighbour's use all quarrels to decide; 45
 But if for law any to London ride,
 Of all those clients may not one be his,
 Unless he come *in forma pauperis*.
 Grant this, ye Gods that favour poetry !
 That all these never-ceasing tongues may be 50
 Brought into reformation, and not dare
 To quarrel with a threadbare black ; but spare
 Them who bear scholars' names, lest some one take
 Spleen, and another Ignoramus make. 54

UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

I.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,
 How it outruns thy following eye !
 Use all persuasions now, and try
 If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
 That way it went, but thou shalt find 5
 No track is left behind.

II.

Fool! 't is thy life, and the fond archer thou.
 Of all the time thou 'st shot away
 I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
 And it shall be too hard a task to do. 10
 Besides repentance what canst find
 That it hath left behind?

III.

Our life is carry'd with too strong a tide,
 A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
 And is the horse of all our years: 15
 Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
 We and our glafs run out, and must
 Both render up our dust.

IV.

But his past life who without grief can see,
 Who never thinks his end too near, 20
 But says to Fame, Thou art mine heir,
 That man extends life's nat'ral brevity;
 This is, this is the only way
 To outlive Nestor in a day. 24

ON THE

QUEEN'S REPAIRING SOMERSET-HOUSE.

WHEN God (the cause to me and men unknown)
 Forlook the royal houses and his own,

Mij

And both abandon'd to the common foe,
How near to ruin did my glories go!
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this princely place, 5
Which cov'tous hands could take, or rude deface.
In all my rooms and galleries I found
The richest figures torn, and all around
Dismember'd statues of great heroes lay;
Such Naseby's field seem'd on the fatal day. 10
And me, when nought for robbery was left,
They starv'd to death; the gasping walls were cleft,
The pillars sunk, the roofs above me wept,
No sign of spring, or joy, my garden kept;
Nothing was seen which could content the eye, 15
Till dead the impious tyrant here did lie.

See how my face is chang'd, and what I am,
Since my true Mistress, and now foundress, came!
It does not fill her bounty to restore
Me as I was (nor was I small) before: 20
She imitates the kindness to her shown;
She does, like Heav'n, (which the dejected throne
At once restores, fixes, and higher rears)
Strengthen, enlarge, exalt, what she repairs.
And now I dare, (tho' proud I must not be, 25
Whilst my great Mistress I so humble see
In all her various glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudest palaces compare:
My beauty and convenience will, I'm sure,
So just a boast with modesty endure; 30

And all must to me yield when I shall tell
How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.

Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
Which still with waves of crowding people flows,
And ev'ry day there passes by my side, 35
Up to its western reach, the London tide,
The springtides of the term: my front looks down
On all the pride and bus'ness of the Town:
My other front, (for as in kings we see
The liveliest image of the Deity, 40
We in their houses should Heav'n's likeness find,
Where nothing can be said to be behind)
My other fair and more majestick face,
(Who can the fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on itself below, 45
In the best mirror that the world can show.

And here behold, in a long bending row,
How two joint cities make one glorious bow;
The midst, the noblest place, possess'd by me,
Best to be seen by all, and all o'ersee. 50
Which way so'er I turn my joyful eye,
Here the great Court, there the rich Town, I spy;
On either side dwells Safety and Delight,
Wealth on the left, and Pow'r upon the right.
T' assure yet my defence, on either hand, 55
Like mighty forts, in equal distance stand
Two of the best and stateliest piles which e'er
Man's lib'ral piety of old did rear,

Where the two princes of th' apostles' band,
My neighbours and my guards, watch and command.

My warlike guard of ships, which farther lie, 61
Might be my object too, were not the eye
Stopp'd by the houses of that wondrous street,
Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.

The stream's eternal siege they fix'd abide, 63
And the swollen stream's auxiliary tide,
Tho' both their ruin with joint pow'r conspire,
Both to outbrave, they nothing dread but fire.

And here my Thames, tho' it more gentle be
Than any flood, so strengthen'd by the sea, 70
Finding by art his nat'ral forces broke,

And bearing, captive-like, the arched yoke,
Does roar, and foam, and rage, at the disgrace,
But recomposes straight, and calms his face,
Is into reverence and submission strook, 75

As soon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rd the White Palace, where that king does reign
Who lays his laws and bridges o'er the main.

Amidst these louder honours of my feat,
And two vast cities, troublesomely great, 80
In a large various plain, the country, too,
Opens her gentler blessings to my view;
In me the active and the quiet mind,
By different ways, equal content may find.

If any prouder virtuoso's sense 85
At that part of my prospect take offence,

By which the meaner cabins are descry'd
 Of my imperial river's humbler side;
 If they call that a blemish, let them know
 God, and my godlike Mistrefs, think not so; 90
 For the distress'd and the afflicted lie
 Most in their care, and always in their eye.

And thou, fair River! who still pay'st to me
 Just homage, in thy passage to the sea,
 Take here this one instruction as thou goest: 95
 When thy mix'd waves shall visit ev'ry coast,
 When round the world their voyage they shall make,
 And back to thee some secret channels take,
 Ask them what nobler sight they e'er did meet,
 Except thy mighty Master's sov'reign fleet, 100
 Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride,
 The terrour of all lands, the ocean's pride.

From hence his kingdoms, happy now at last!
 (Happy, if wise by their misfortunes past)
 From hence may omens take of that success 105
 Which both their future wars and peace shall bless:
 The peaceful mother on mild Thames does build,
 With her sons' fabricks the rough sea is fill'd. 108

ON HIS MAJESTY'S

RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

I.

WELCOME, great Sir! with all the joy that's due
 To the return of Peace and you:

Two greatest blessings which this age can know ;
For that to thee, for thee to Heav'n, we owe.
Others by war their conquests gain,
You, like a god, your ends obtain ;
Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
Spoke but the word, and sweetly order'd all.

II.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,
None can grudge Heav'n full thanks for it. 10
No mothers here lament their children's fate,
And like the pease, but think it comes too late.
No widows hear the jocund bells,
And take them for their husbands' knells ;
No drop of blood is spilt, which might be said 15
To mark our joyful holyday with red.

III.

'Twas only Heav'n could work this wondrous thing,
And only work 't by such a king.
Again the Northern hinds may sing and plow,
And fear no harm but from the weather now. 20
Again may tradesmen love their pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain.
The armour now may be hung up to fight,
And only in their halls the children fright.

IV.

The gain of Civil wars will not allow 25
Bay to the conqu'ror's brow.

At such a game what fool would venture in,
 Where one must lose, yet neither side can win?
 How justly would our neighbours smile
 At these mad quarrels of our isle; 30
 Swell'd with proud hopes to snatch the whole away,
 Whilst we bet all, and yet for nothing play?

V.

How was the silver Tyne frightened before,
 And durst not kiss the armed shore?
 His waters ran more swiftly than they use, 35
 And hasted to the sea to tell the news.
 The sea itself, how rough foe'er,
 Could scarce believe such fury here.
 How could the Scots and we be en'mies grown?
 That, and its master Charles, had made us one. 40

VI.

No blood so loud as that of Civil war;
 It calls for dangers from afar.
 Let's rather go and seek out them and Fame;
 Thus our forefathers got, thus left a name.
 All their rich blood was spent with gains, 45
 But that which swells their children's veins.
 Why sit we still, our sp'rits wrapt up in lead?
 Not like them whilst they liv'd, but now they're dead.

VII.

This noise at home was but Fate's policy
 To raise our sp'rits more high, 50

So bold a lion, ere he seeks his prey,
 Lashes his sides, and roars, and then away.
 How would the German Eagle fear,
 To see a new Gustavus there?
 How would it shake, tho' as 't was wont to do
 For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too!

VIII.

Sure there are actions of this height and praise
 Destin'd to Charles his days.
 What will the triumphs of his battles be,
 Whose very peace itself is victory?
 When Heav'n bestows the best of kings,
 It bids us think of mighty things.
 His valour, wisdom, offspring, speak no less,
 And we, the prophets' sons, write not by guess.

IV

*Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's ship, pre-
 sented to the University library in Oxford, by John Davis
 of Deptford, Esq.*

To this great ship, which round the globe has run,
 And match'd in race the chariot of the sun,
 This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim,
 Without presumption, so deserv'd a name,
 By knowledge once, and transformation now)
 In her new shape this sacred port allow.
 Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate
 A more bless'd station, or more bless'd estate:

For, lo! a seat of endless rest is giv'n
To her in Oxford, and to him in heav'n. 10

ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble-stone,
Tho' high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man,
But verses only; they shall fresh appear, 5
Whilst there are men to read or hear,
When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
And eat the pyramid away,
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names to what it keeps, poor dust; 10
Then shall the epitaph remain, and be
New graven in eternity.
Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit
Of poets triumph over it.
What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus took 15
His lyre, and gently on it strook,
The learned stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming song.
With artificial pace the warlike pine,
The elm, and his wife, the ivy, twine, 20
With all the better trees which erst had stood
Unmov'd, forsook their native wood.

The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his brow;
And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made 25
With their officious leaves a shade.
The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny.
The fearful hart next to the lion came,
And wolf was shepherd to the lamb. 30
Nightingales, harmless Syrens of the air,
And Muses of the place, were there;
Who when their little windpipes they had found
Unequal to so strange a sound.
O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire, 35
And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.
Happy, O happy they! whose tomb might be,
Mausolus! envied by thee! 38

THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via est, &c.

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I shall like beasts or common people die,
Unless you write my elegy;
Whilst others great by being born are grown, 5
Their mothers' labour, not their own.

In this scale gold, in th' other fame, does lie,
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright,
Brought forth with their own fire and light. 10
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on: What sound is 't strikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
It sounds like the last trumpet, for it can 15
Raife up the bury'd man.
Unpass'd Alps stop me, but I'll cut thro' all,
And march the Muses' Hannibal.
Hence, all the flatt'ring vanities that lay
Nets of roses in the way; 20
Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
And all that is not above fate;
Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praise.
Come, my best Friends! my Books! and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gone. 26
Welcome, great Stagirite! and teach me now
All I was born to know:
Thy scholar's vict'ries thou dost far outdo;
He conquer'd the earth, the whole world you. 30
Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose blest'd tongue and
Preserves Rome's greatness yet: [wit
Thou art the first of orators; only he
Who best can praise thee next must be.

Welcome the Mantuan swan ! Virgil the wise, 35
 Whose verse walks highest, but not flies ;
 Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,
 And made that art which was a rage.
 Tell me, ye mighty Three ! what shall I do
 To be like one of you ? 40
 But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit
 On the calm flourishing head of it,
 And whilst, with wearied steps, we upward go,
 See us and clouds below. 44

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

I.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
 If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita first of all ;
 But when awhile the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had play'd, 5
 Martha took the flying ball.

II.

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous Catharine :
 Beauteous Catharine gave place
 (Tho' loath and angry she to part 10
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conqu'ring face.

III.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en :
 Fundamental laws she broke, 15
 And still new favourites she chose,
 Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

IV.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began ; 20
 Alternately they sway'd,
 And sometimes Mary was the fair,
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obey'd.

V.

Another Mary then arose, 25
 And did rigorous laws impose ;
 A mighty tyrant she !
 Long, alas ! should I have been
 Under that iron-sceptred queen,
 Had not Rebecca set me free. 30

VI.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
 'Twas then a golden time with me :
 But soon those pleasures fled ;
 For the gracious princess dy'd
 In her youth and beauty's pride, 35
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

VII.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour,
 Judith held the sov'reign pow'r :
 Wondrous beautiful her face,
 But so weak and small her wit, 40
 That she to govern was unfit,
 And so Susanna took her place.

VIII.

But when Isabella came
 Arm'd with a restless flame ;
 And th' artillery of her eye 45
 Whilst she proudly march'd about,
 Greater conquests to find out,
 She beat out Susan by the bye.

IX.

But in her place I then obey'd
 Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid, 50
 To whom ensu'd a vacancy.
 Thousand worst passions then possess'd
 The interregnum of my breast.
 Bless me from such an anarchy !

X.

Gentle Henrietta then, 55
 And a third Mary, next began ;
 Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria ;
 And then a pretty Thomafine,
 And then another Catharine,
 And then a long *et cetera*. 60

XI.

But should I now to you relate
 The strength and riches of their state,
 The powder, patches, and the pins,
 The ribands, jewels, and the rings,
 The lace, the paint, and warlike things, 65
 That make up all their magazines:

XII.

If I should tell the politick arts
 To take and keep men's hearts,
 The letters, embassies, and spies,
 The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries, 70
 The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
 Numberless, nameless, mysteries!

XIII.

And all the little lime-twigs laid
 By Mach'avel the waitingmaid;
 I more voluminous should grow 75
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell
 All change of weathers that beset)
 Than Hollingshed or Stow.

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with me. 80
 An higher and a nobler strain
 My present emperess does claim,
 Heleonora! first o' the name,
 Whom God grant long to reign. 84

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THAT THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE.

Against the Dogmatists.

I.

THE sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew,
 The phoenix Truth did on it rest,
 And built his perfum'd nest. [show.
 That right Porphyrian tree which did true logick
 Each leaf did learned notions give, 5
 And th' apples were demonstrative:
 So clear their colour, and divine,
 The very shade they cast did other lights outshine.

II.

Taste not, said God: 't is mine and angels' meat;
 A certain death does fit, 10
 Like an ill worm, i' the core of it.
 Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know, and eat.
 Thus spoke God, yet man did go
 Ignorantly on to know;
 Grew so more blind, and she 15
 Who tempted him to this grew yet more blind than

III.

The only science man by this did get,
 Was but to know he nothing knew:
 He straight his nakedness did view,
 His ign'rant poor estate, and was ashamed of it: 20

Yet searches probabilities,
 And rhetorick and fallacies,
 And seeks, by useles pride,
 With flight and with'ring leaves that nakedness to

IV. [hide.

Henceforth, said God, the wretched sons of earth 25
 Shall sweat for food in vain,
 That will not long sustain,
 And bring with labour forth each fond abortive birth.
 That serpent, too, their pride,
 Which aims at things deny'd,
 That learn'd and eloquent lust, 31
 Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the dust.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
 Beneath a bow'r for sorrow made,
 Th' uncomfortable shade
 Of the black yew's unlucky green,
 Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray, 5
 Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way,
 The melancholy Cowley lay;
 And, lo! a Muse appear'd to his clos'd sight,
 (The Muses oft' in lands of vision play)
 Body'd, array'd, and seen by an internal light: 10
 A golden harp with silver strings she bore,
 A wondrous hieroglyphick robe she wore,

In which all colours and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate, 15
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,
She us'd of old near fair Ismenus' stream
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet; 19
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

II.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from
The shaken strings melodiously resound. [the ground;
"Art thou return'd at last," said she,
"To this forsaken place and me?
Thou Prodigal! who didst so loosely waste, 25
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
Art thou return'd, here to repent too late?
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
And Winter marches on so fast? 30
But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
And did as learn'd a portion assign
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their dearest children done;
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed name, 35
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou Changling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,
Wouldst into courts and cities from me go;
Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there; 40

Thou wouldst, forsooth! be something in a state,
 And bus'ness thou wouldst find, and wouldst create:
 Business! the frivolous pretence
 Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
 Business! the grave impertinence; 45
 Business! the thing which I of all things hate,
 Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

III.

Go, Renegado! cast up thy account,
 And see to what amount
 Thy foolish gains by quitting me: 50
 The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
 The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.
 Thou thought'st, if once the publick storm were past,
 All thy remaining life should sunshine be:
 Behold the publick storm is spent at last, 55
 The Sovereign is tofs'd at sea no more,
 And thou, with all the noble company,
 Art got at last to shore:
 But whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,
 All march'd up to possess the promis'd land, 60
 Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand,
 Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand.

IV.

As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
 After a tedious stormy night,
 Such was the glorious entry of our King; 65
 Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing:

Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.
But then, alas! to thee alone,
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown,
For ev'ry tree, and ev'ry herb around, 70
With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground
The fruitful seed of heav'n did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats surpass, 75
When God to his own people said,
(The men whom thro' long wand'rings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a heav'n of brass:
They look'd up to that heav'n in vain,
That bounteous heav'n! which God did not restrain
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain. 81

V.

The Rachel, for which twice seven years, and more,
Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
Tho' she contracted was to thee, 85
Giv'n to another thou didst see,
Giv'n to another, who had store
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be.
Go on, twice sev'n years more, thy fortune try, 90
Twice sev'n years more God in his bounty may
Give thee to fling away
Into the Court's deceitful lottery:

But think how likely 't is that thou,
 With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough, 95
 Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,
 Shouldst even able be to live;
 Thou! to whose share so little bread did fall
 In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

VI.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile, 100
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile:
 And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
 The melancholy Cowley said:
 " Ah! wanton Foe! dost thou upbraid
 The ills which thou thyself hast made? 105
 When in the cradle innocent I lay,
 Thou, wicked Spirit! stolest me away,
 And my abused soul didst bear
 Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
 Thy golden Indies in the air; 110
 And ever since I strive in vain
 My ravish'd freedom to regain;
 Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
 Lo, still in verse against thee I complain.
 There is a sort of stubborn weeds 115
 Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,
 No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
 No useful plant can keep alive:
 The foolish sports I did on thee bestow 119
 Make all my art and labour fruitless now; [grow.
 Where once such fairies dance, no grafs doth ever

VII.

When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye: 125
Long work, perhaps, may spoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white.
To all the ports of honour and of gain,
I often steer my course in vain;
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again. 130
Thou slacken'st all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft' to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee, 135
As they who only heav'n desire
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus with Sapphira and her husband's fate, 140
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

VIII.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
The court and better king t' accuse; 145
The heav'n under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:

Thine, thine is all the barrenness, if thou
 Mak'st me sit still and sing when I should plough.
 When I but think how many a tedious year 150
 Our patient Sovereign did attend
 His long misfortunes' fatal end;
 How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
 On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend,
 I ought to be accurs'd if I refuse 155
 To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
 Kings have long hands, they say, and tho' I be
 So distant, they may reach at length to me.
 However, of all princes, thou
 Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small or slow;
 Thou ! who rewardest but with pop'lar breath,
 And that, too, after death ! 162

THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

As when our kings (lords of the spacious main)
 Take in just wars a rich Plate-fleet of Spain,
 The rude unshapen ingots they reduce
 Into a form of beauty and of use,
 On which the conqu'ror's image now does shine, 5
 Not his whom it belong'd to in the mine;
 So in the mild contentions of the Muse
 (The war which Peace itself loves and pursues)
 So have you home to us in triumph brought
 This cargazon of Spain with treasures fraught. 10

You have not basely gotten it by stealth,
 Nor by translation borrow'd all its wealth;
 But by a pow'rful sp'rit made it your own;
 Metal before, money by you 't is grown :
 'Tis current now, by your adorning it 15
 With the fair stamp of your victorious wit.

But tho' we praise this voyage of your mind,
 And tho' ourselves enrich'd by it we find,
 We're not contented yet, because we know
 What greater stores at home within it grow : 20
 We've seen how well you foreign ores refine,
 Produce the gold of your own nobler mine ;
 The world shall then our native plenty view,
 And fetch materials for their wit from you ;
 They all shall watch the travails of your pen,
 And Spain on you shall make reprisals then. 26

A translation of verses

UPON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Written in Latin by the

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL DR. A.

AVE MARIA.

ONCE thou rejoicest, and rejoice for ever,
 Whose time of joy shall be expired never ;
 Who in her womb the hive of comfort bears,
 Let her drink comfort's honey with her ears.

You brought the word of joy in, which was born 5
 An hail to all; let us an hail return.
 From you, God save, into the world there came;
 Our echo hail is but an empty name.

GRATIA PLENA.

How loaded hives are with their honey fill'd,
 From divers flow'rs by chymick bees distill'd! 10
 How full the collet with his jewel is,
 Which, that it cannot take, by love, doth kiss:
 How full the moon is with her brother's ray,
 When she drinks up with thirsty orb the day!
 How full of grace the Graces' dances are! 15
 So full doth Mary of God's light appear.
 It is no wonder if with graces she
 Be full, who was full with the Deity.

DOMINUS TECUM.

The fall of mankind under Death's extent
 The choir of blessed angels did lament, 20
 And wish'd a reparation to see
 By him who manhood join'd with Deity.
 How grateful should man's safety then appear
 T' himself, whose safety can the angels cheer?

BENEDICTA TU IN MULIERIBUS.

Death came, and troops of sad diseases led 25
 To th' earth, by woman's hand solicited.

O ij

Life came so too, and troops of Graces led —
 To th' earth, by woman's faith solicited.
 As our life's spring came from thy blessed womb,
 So from our mouths springs of thy praise shall come.
 Who did life's blessing give, 't is fit that she 31
 Above all women should thrice blessed be.

ET BENEDICTUS FRUCTUS VENTRIS TUI.

With mouth divine the Father doth protest,
 He a good Word sent from his stored breast;
 'Twas Christ, which Mary without carnal thought,
 From the unfathom'd depth of goodness brought; 36
 The Word of Blessing a just cause affords
 To be oft' blessed with redoubled words.

SPIRITUS SANCTUS SUPERVENIET IN TE.

As when soft west-winds fan the garden-rose,
 A shower of sweeter air salutes the nose; 40
 The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power
 Unlocks the virgin bosom of the flower;
 So th' Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,
 And from her sacred box whole rivers flow'd;
 Yet loos'd not thine eternal chastity, 45
 Thy roses' folds do still entangled lie.
 Believe Christ born from an unbruised womb,
 So from unbruised bark the odours come.

ET VIRTUS ALTIS IMI OBUMBRABIT TIBI.

God his great Son begat ere time begun,
 Mary in time brought forth her little Son : 50
 Of double substance One ; life he began,
 God without mother, without father man.
 Great is the birth, and 't is a stranger deed
 That she no man, that God no wife, should need.
 A shade delighted the childbearing maid, 55
 And God himself became to her a shade.
 O strange descent ! who is light's author, he
 Will to his creature this a shadow be.
 As unseen light did from the Father flow,
 So did seen light from Virgin Mary grow. 60
 When Moses sought God in a shade to see,
 The Father's shade was Christ the Deity.
 Let 's seek for day, flee darkness, whilst our sight
 In light finds darkness, and in darkness light. 64

ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF FORTUNE.

A TRANSLATION.

I.

LEAVE off unfit complaints, and clear [brow,
 From sighs your breast, and from black clouds your
 When the sun shines not with his wonted cheer,
 And Fortune throws an adverse cast for you.

© iij

'That sea which vex'd with Notus is, 5
'The merry West-winds will to morrow kifs.

II.

The fun to-day rides drowsily,
'To-morrow 't will put on a look more fair;
Laughter and groaning do alternately
Return, and tears' sports nearest neighbours are. 10
'Tis by the gods appointed so,
'That good fare should with mingled dangers flow.

III.

Who drave his oxen yesterday,
Doth now over the noblest Romans reign,
And on the Gabii and the Cures lay 15
The yoke which from his oxen he had ta'en.
Whom Hesperus saw poor and low,
The Morning's eye beholds him greatest now.

IV.

If Fortune knit amongst her play
But seriousness, he shall again go home 20
To his old country-farm of yesterday,
To scoffing people no mean jest become;
And with the crowned axe, which he
Had rul'd the world, go back and prune some tree;
Nay, if he want the fuel cold requires,
With his own fasces he shall make him fires. 26

THAT A PLEASANT POVERTY

is to be preferred before

DISCONTENTED RICHES.

I.

WHY, O! doth gaudy Tagus ravish thee,
 Tho' Neptune's treasurehouse it be?
 Why doth Pactolus thee bewitch,
 Infected yet with Midas' glorious itch?

II.

Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all,
 Like other floods, poetical;
 They have no dance, no wanton sport,
 No gentle murmur, the lov'd shore to court.

III.

No fish inhabit the adulterate flood,
 Nor can it feed the neighb'ring wood:
 No flow'r or herb is near it found,
 But a perpetual winter starves the ground.

IV.

Give me a river which doth scorn to show
 An added beauty, whose clear brow
 May be my looking-glass, to see
 What my face is, and what my mind should be.

V.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
 And prattle to the smiling bank:
 Here sad kingfishers tell their tales,
 And fish enrich the brook with silver scales.

VI.

Daifies, the first-born of the teeming Spring,
 On each side their embroidery bring,
 Here lilies wash, and grow more white,
 And daffodils to see themselves delight.

VII.

Here a fresh harbour gives her am'rous shade, 25
 Which Nature, the best gard'ner, made ;
 Here I would sit and sing rude lays,
 Such as the Nymphs, and me myself would please.

VIII.

Thus would I waste, thus end, my careless days,
 And Robin-red-breasts, whom men praise 30
 For pious birds, should, when I die,
 Make both my monument and elegy. 32

In commendation of the time we live in,

Under the reign of our gracious King,

CHARLES II.

I.

CURS'D be that wretch (Death's factor sure) who
 brought

Dire swords into the peaceful world, and taught
 Smiths, who before could only make
 The spade, the ploughshare, and the rake,
 Arts, in most cruel wise 5
 Man's left t' epitomize.

II.

Then men (fond men, alas!) ride post to th' grave,
 And cut those threads which yet the Fates would save;
 Then Charon sweated at his trade,
 And had a larger ferry made. 10
 Then 't was the silver hair,
 Frequent before, grew rare.

III.

Then Revenge, married to Ambition,
 Begat black War; then Avarice crept on;
 Then limits to each field were strain'd, 15
 And Terminus a godhead gain'd:
 To men before was found,
 Besides the sea, no bound.

IV.

In what plain or what river hath not been
 War's story, writ in blood (sad story!) seen? 20
 This truth too well our England knows;
 'Twas Civil slaughter dy'd her Rose;
 Nay, then her Lily, too,
 With blood's loss paler grew.

V.

Such griefs, nay worse than these, we now should feel,
 Did not just Charles silence the rage of steel; 26
 He to our land bless'd peace doth bring,
 All neighbour-countries envying,
 Happy who did remain
 Unborn till Charles his reign! 30

VI.

Where, dreaming Chymicks! is your pain and cost?
 How is your oil, how is your labour, lost?
 Our Charles, blest alchymist! (tho' strange,
 Believe it, future Times!) did change
 The Iron Age of old,
 Into an Age of Gold. 36

AN ANSWER TO

AN INVITATION TO CAMBRIDGE.

I.

NICHOLS! my better self, forbear,
 For if thou tell'st what Cambridge pleasures are,
 The schoolboy's sin will light on me,
 I shall, in mind at least, a truant be.
 Tell me not how you feed your mind 5
 With dainties of philosophy,
 In Ovid's Nut I shall not find
 The taste once pleased me.
 O tell me not of logick's diverse cheer,
 I shall begin to loath our crambo here. 10

II.

Tell me not how the waves appear
 Of Cam, or how it cuts the learned shire;
 I shall contemn the troubled Thames,
 On her chief holyday, even when her streams
 Are with rich folly gilded, when 15

'The quondam dung-boat is made gay,
 Just like the brav'ry of the men,
 And graces with fresh paint that day,
 When th' City shines with flags and pageants there,
 And fatin doublets seen not twice a-year. 20

III.

Why do I stay, then? I would meet
 Thee there, but plummets hang upon my feet :
 'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,
 But not till I deserve thy company :
 Till then we'll scorn to let that toy 25
 Some forty miles divide our hearts :
 Write to me, and I shall enjoy
 Friendship and wit, thy better parts.
 Tho' envious Fortune larger hind'rance brings,
 We'll eas'ly see each other; Love hath wings. 30

AN ANSWER TO A COPY OF VERSES

SENT ME TO JERSEY.

As to a Northern people (whom the fun
 Uses just as the Romish Church has done
 Her profane laity, and does assign
 Bread only both to serve for bread and wine)
 A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives; 5
 Such comfort to us here your letter gives,
 Fraught with brisk Racy verses, in which we
 The soil from whence they came taste, smell, and see :

Such is your present t' us; for you must know,
 Sir, that verse does not in this island grow, 10
 No more than sack: one lately did not fear
 (Without the Muses' leave) to plant it here;
 But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
 Rhymes, as ev'n set the hearers' ears on edge,
 Written by ——— Esquire, the 15
 Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.
 Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for this high style
 Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.
 Alas! to men here no words less hard be
 'To rhyme with than Mount Orgueil* is to me. 20
 Mount Orgueil! which in scorn o' th' Muses' law
 With no yokefellow word will deign to draw.
 Stubborn Mount Orgueil! 'tis a work to make it
 Come into rhyme, more hard than 't were to take it.
 Alas! to bring your tropes and figures here, 25
 Strange as to bring camels and el'phants were;
 And metaphor is so unknown a thing,
 'Twould need the preface of, God save the King.
 Yet this I'll say for th' honour of the place,
 That by God's extraordinary grace, 30
 (Which shows the people have judgment, if not wit)
 The land is undeil'd with clinches yet;
 Which in my poor opinion, I confess,
 Is a most sing'lar blessing, and no less

* The name of one of the castles in Jersey.

Than Ireland's wanting spiders · and so far 35
 From th' actual sin of bombast too they are,
 (That other crying sin o' th' English Muse)
 That even Satan himself can accuse
 None here, (no not, so much as the divines)
 For th' *motus primò primi* to strong lines. 40
 Well, since the soil, then, does not nat'rally bear
 Verse, who (a-devil) would import it here?
 For that to me would seem as strange a thing
 As who did first wild beasts into' islands bring:
 Unless you think that it might taken be 45
 As Green did Gondibert, in a prize at sea.
 But that's a fortune falls not ev'ry day;
 'Tis true Green was made by it; for they say
 The Parl'ament did a noble bounty do,
 And gave him the whole prize, their tenths and fif-
 teenths too. 50

PROMETHEUS ILL PAINTED.

How wretched does Prometheus' state appear,
 Whilst he his second mis'ry suffers here!
 Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,
 He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.
 It would the vulture's cruelty outgo, 5
 If once again his liver thus should grow.
 Pity him, Jove! and his bold theft allow;
 The flames he once stole from thee grant him now. 8

FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

I.

WHEN chance or cruel bus'ness parts us two,
What do our souls, I wonder, do?
Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,
Methinks at home they should not stay,
Content with dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the way. 5

II.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix, I know not how, or where:
Their friendly lights together twine,
'Tho' we perceive 't not to be so, 10
Like loving stars which oft' combine,
Yet not themselves their own conjunctions know.

III.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for ev'ry friend,
If distance could their union end:
But love itself does far advance 15
Above the pow'r of time and space;
It scorns such outward circumstance,
His time's for ever, ev'ry where his place.

IV.

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's heart. 20
Miracles cease not yet in Love,
When he his mighty pow'r will try,
Absence itself does bounteous prove,
And strangely ev'n our presence multiply.

V.

Pure is the flame of friendship, and divine, 25
 Like that which in heav'n's sun docs shine;
 Like he in th' upper air and sky,
 Does no effects of heat bestow,
 But as his beams the farther fly,
 He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below. 30

VI.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
 Like objects, if they touch the eye.
 Less meritorious then is love;
 For when we friends together see
 So much, so much both one do prove, 35
 That their love then seems but self-love to be.

VII.

Each day think on me, and each day I shall
 For thee make hours canonical.
 By ev'ry wind that comes this way,
 Send me at least a sigh or two; 40
 Such and so many I'll repay,
 As shall themselves make winds to get to you.

VIII.

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon
 To mock our separation.
 Alas! ten thousand will not do; 45
 My heart will thus no longer stay,
 No longer 't will be kept from you,
 But knocks against the breast to get away.

IX.

And when no art affords me help or ease,
 I seek with verse my griefs t' appease : 50
 Just as a bird that flies about,
 And beats itself against the cage,
 Finding at last no passage out,
 It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage. 54

REASON,

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

I.

SOME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
 Be led by others a right way;
 They build on sands, which if unmov'd they find,
 'Tis but because there was no wind.
 Less hard 'tis not to err ourselves, than know 5
 If our forefathers err'd or no.
 When we trust men concerning God, we then
 Trust not God concerning men.

II.

Visions and inspirations some expect,
 Their course here to direct: 10
 Like senseless chymists their own wealth destroy,
 Imaginary gold t' enjoy
 So stars appear to drop to us from sky,
 And gild the passage as they fly;
 But when they fall, and meet th' opposing ground,
 What but a fordid slime is found? 16

III.

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,
 And fast, that they may dream of meat.
 Sometimes ill sp'rits their sickly souls delude,
 And bastard forms obtrude. 20
 So Endor's wretched forcerefs, altho'
 She Saul thro' his disguise did know,
 Yet when the devil comes up disguis'd, she cries,
 Behold! the gods arise.

IV.

In vain, alas! these outward hopes are try'd; 25
 Reason within 's our only guide.
 Reason! which (God be prais'd!) still walks, for all
 Its old orig'nal fall.
 And since itself the boundless Godhead join'd
 With a reasonable mind, 30
 It plainly shows that mysteries divine
 May with our reason join.

V.

The holy Book, like the eighth sphere, does shine
 With thousand lights of truth divine.
 So numberless the stars, that to the eye 35
 It makes but all one Galaxy.
 Yet reason must assist too; for in seas
 So vast and dangerous as these,
 Our course by stars above we cannot know,
 Without the compass too below. 40

VI.

Tho' reason cannot thro' faith's myst'ries see,
 It sees that there, and such, they be;
 Leads to heav'n's door, and there does humbly keep,
 And there thro' chinks and keyholes peep.
 Tho' it, like Moses, by a sad command 45
 Must not come into th' Holy Land,
 Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
 And from afar 'tis all descry'd. 48

HYMN. TO LIGHT.

I.

FIRST-BORN of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old Negro's darksome womb!
 Which when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mafs put on kind looks and smil'd.

II.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know, 5
 But ever ebb and ever flow!
 Thou golden show'r of a true Jove!
 Who does in thee descend, and heav'n to earth make

III.

[love!

Hail! active Nature's watchful life and health!
 Her joy, her ornament and wealth! 10
 Hail to thy husband, Heat, and thee!
 Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bride-

IV

[groom he!

Say from what golden quivers of the sky
 Do all thy winged arrows fly?

Swiftness and Power by birth are thine: 15
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire, the Word

V. [Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colours thou,
And skill in painting dost bestow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heav'nly bow. 20

VI.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finish'd when begun;
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.

VII.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey, 26
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal spring.

VIII.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The Sun's gilt tent for ever move, 30
And still as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

IX.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild, 35
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

X.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of Night,
Asham'd and fearful to appear, 39
They screen their horrid shapes with the black he-

XI.

[misphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm;
At the first op'ning of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antick atoms fly.

XII.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts, 45
Creep conscious to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does rev'rence pay,
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

XIII.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head; 50
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look.

XIV.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
Thy sunshine melts away his cold:
Encourag'd at the sight of thee, 55
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

XV.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes if thou be'st in the place;

To Darkneſs' curtains he retires,
In ſympathizing night he rolls his ſmoky fires. 60

XVI.

When, Goddeſs! thou liſt'ſt up thy waken'd head
Out of the Morning's purple bed,
Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world ſalutes the riſing day.

XVII.

The ghoſts, and monſter ſp'rits, that did preſume 65
A body's priv'lege to aſſume,
Vanish again inviſibly,
And bodies gain again their viſibility.

XVIII.

All the world's brav'ry, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy ſev'ral liveries; 70
Thou the rich dye on them beſtow'ſt,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landſcape as thou go'ſt.

XIX.

A crimſon garment in the roſe thou wear'ſt;
A crown of ſtudded gold thou bear'ſt;
The virgin lilies, in their white, 75
Are clad but with the lawn of almoſt naked light.

XX.

The violet, Spring's little infant, ſtands
Girt in thy purple ſwaddlingbands:
On the fair tulip thou doſt dote;
Thou cloth'ſt it in a gay and party-colour'd coat. 80

XXI.

With flame condens'd thou dost the jewels fix,
 And solid colours in it mix :
 Flora herself envies to see
 Flow'rs fairer than her own, and durable as she.

XXII.

Ah! Goddess! would thou couldst thy hand with-
 And be less liberal to gold; [hold, 85
 Didst thou less value to it give,
 Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man re-

XXIII.

[lieve!

To me the sun is more delightful far,
 And all fair days much fairer are; 90
 But few, ah! wondrous few there be
 Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess! ev'n to thee.

XXIV.

Thro' the soft ways of heav'n, and air, and sea,
 Which open all their pores to thee,
 Like a clear river thou dost glide, 95
 And with thy living stream thro' the close channels

XXV

[slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
 Gently thy source the land o'erflows;
 Takes there possession, and does make,
 Of colours mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

XXVI.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
 In th' empyrean heav'n does stay; 102

Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below, [flow.
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

A paraphrase upon Horace, Book II. Sat. vi.

At the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Close to plow'd ground, seated commodiously,
His ancient and hereditary house,
There dwelt a good substantial Country Mouse :
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main, 5
Yet one who once did nobly entertain
A City Mouse, well coated, sleek, and gay,
A Mouse of high degree, which lost his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted there 10
For a day's lodging. The good hearty host
(The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)
Did all the stores produce that might excite,
With various tastes, the courtier's appetite:
Fitches and beans, peafon, and oats, and wheat, 15
And a large chesnut, the delicious meat
Which Jove himself, were he a Mouse, would eat. }
And for a hautgout there was mix'd with these
The swerd of bacon and the coat of cheese,
The precious relicks which at harvest he 20
Had gather'd from the reapers' luxury.

Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare,
The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.

And thus at ease on beds of straw they lay,
And to their genius sacrific'd the day: 25

Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind
(Tho' breeding made him civil seem and kind)
Despis'd this country feast, and still his thought
Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.

Your bounty and civility (said he) 30

Which I'm surpris'd in these rude parts to see,
Shows that the gods have given you a mind
Too noble for the fate which here you find.

Why should a soul so virtuous and so great
Lose itself thus in an obscure retreat? 35

Let savage beasts lodge in a country den,
You should see towns, and manners know, and men;
And taste the gen'rous lux'ry of the court,
Where all the Mice of quality resort;
Where thousand beauteous shees about you move, 40
And by high fare are pliant made to love.

We all ere long must render up our breath,
No cave or hole can shelter us from Death.

Since life is so uncertain and so short,
Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport. 45

Come, worthy Sir! come with me, and partake
All the great things that mortals happy make.

Alas! what virtue hath sufficient arms
T' oppose bright Honour and soft Pleasure's charms?

What wisdom can their magick force repel? 50
It draws this rev'rend hermit from his cell.
It was the time, when witty poets tell,
"That Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell:
"She blush'd at first, and then put out the light,
"And drew the modest curtains of the night." 55
Plainly, the troth to tell, the sun was set,
When to the Town our weary'd trav'lers get.
To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,
Made for the use of pride and luxury,
They come; the gentle courtier at the door 60
Stops, and will hardly enter in before;
But 't is, Sir, your command, and being so,
I'm sworn t' obedience; and so in they go.
Behind a hanging in a spacious room,
(The richest work of Mortlake's noble loom) 65
They wait awhile, their weary'd limbs to rest,
Till silence should invite them to their feast.
"About the hour that Cynthia's silver light
"Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night,"
At last the various supper being done, 70
It happen'd that the company was gone
Into a room remote, servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a ball.
Our host leads forth his stranger, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind. 75
Still on the table half-fill'd dishes stood,
And with delicious bits the floor was strow'd.

The courteous Mouſe preſents him with the beſt,
 And both with fat varieties are bleſs'd:
 Th' induſtrious peaſant ev'ry where does range, 80
 And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.
 Lo ! in the miſt of a well-freighted pie
 They both at laſt, gluttet and wanton lie:
 When, ſee the ſad reverse of proſp'rous fate,
 And what fierce ſtorms on mortal glories wait ; 85
 With hideous noiſe down the rude ſervants come,
 Six dogs before run barking into the room ;
 The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
 And hate the fulneſs which retards their flight.
 Our trembling Peaſant wiſhes now, in vain, 90
 That rocks and mountains cover'd him again.
 Oh how the change of his poor life he curs'd!
 This of all lives, ſaid he, is ſure the worſt.
 Give me again, ye Gods ! my cave and wood ;
 With peace, let tares and acorns be my food. 95

Doctiſſimo, Graviſſimoque Viro

DOMINO D. COMBER,

*Decano Carleolenſi colendiſſimo, et Collegii S.S. et Individuæ
 Trinitatis Magiſtro Vigilantiſſimo.*

SIS CE gradum : quónam temeraria pagina tendis,
 Auratâ nimiùm facta ſuperba togâ ?
 Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno ;
 Et tamen, ah, núcibus ludere pluris erit.

I, pete, sollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum, 5
Et Logicæ pugno carmina scripta tenent.

Post ea, vel Hip. Qualis? ne. vel, af. un. Quanta? par.
Destruit Edictum, destruit Ique modum. [infin.

Tum tu grata aderis, tum blandiùs ore sonabit;
Setonus, dicent, quid velit iste sibi? 10

I, pete Caufidicos: poteris sic culta videri,
Et benè Romanis fundere verba modis.

Fallor: post Ignorandum gens cautior illa est;
Et didicit Musas, Granta, timere tuas.

I, pete Lectorem nullum; sic salva latebis; 15
Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus.

Limine ab hoc caveas: Procul ô, procul ito profana.
Dissimile hic Domini nil decet esse suo.

Ille sacri calamo referat mysteria verbi,
Non alia illius sancta lucerna videt. 20

Talis in Altari trepidat Fax pæne timenda,
Et Flavum attolit sic veneranda caput.

At scio, quid dices: Nostros Academia lusus
Spectavit; nugæ tum placuere meæ.

Pagina stulta nimis! Granta est Hic altera solus; 25
Vel Grantæ ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.

Sed si authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire:
(Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)

Accedas tanquam ad numen formidine blandâ
Tristis, et hæc illi paucula metra refer. 30

Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,
Viventi auspiciū quod sibi vellet idem.

Qij

Non peto ut ista probes; tantum, Puerilia, dicas,
Sunt, fateor; Puerum sed satis illa decent.
Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,
Si Socius, tandem sit, meliora dabit.

36

*Inter Musas Cantabrigienses extant Carmina sequentia ab
Auctore A. Cowley conscripta, quæ ne deperdantur dum
in Chartulis latitant, his adnectere visum est.*

De felici partu Reginae Mariæ.

Dum more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,
Et populum pascit relligiosa fames;
Quinta beat nostrum soboles formosa Mariam;
Penè iterum nobis, læte December, ades.
Ite, quibus lusum Bacchûsque Cerêsque ministrant, 5
Et risum vitis lachryma rubra movet.
Nos sine lætitiæ strepitu, sine murmure læti :
Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari.
Cum corda arcanâ saltant festiva choreâ,
Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente sonet? 10
Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, salutem?
Sint mea pro tanto sobria vota viro.
Crede mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,
Quæ fiunt pompâ gaudia vera suâ.
Vicisti tandem, vicisti, casta Maria; 15
Cedit de sexu Carolus ipse suo.
A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille !
Vix hostes tanti vel superâsse fuit.

Jam tua plùs vivit pictura; at proxima fiet
 Regis, et in methodo te perperisse juvat. 20
 O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri!
 O sancta hæc inter jurgia verus amor!
 Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro
 Tam populo (et notum est quàm placet ille) placet.
 Da veniam, hîc omnes nimiùm quòd fimus avari; 25
 Da venium, hîc animos quòd fatiare nequis.
 Cùmque (sed ô nostris fiat lux ferior annis)
 In currum ascendas læta per astra tuum,
 Natorum in facie tua viva et mollis imago
 Non minùs in terris quàm tua sculpta, regat. 30

Ob paciferum

SERENISSIMI REGIS CAROLI

E SCOTIA REDITUM.

ERGO redis, multa frontem redimitus Oliva,
 Captivæque ingens laurea pacis adest.
 Vicerunt alii bellis et Marte cruento;
 Carole, Tu solus vincere bella potes.
 Te sequitur volucris mitis Victoria penna, 5
 Et Famæ pennas prævenit ipsa suæ.
 Te voluere sequi convulsis Orcades undis,
 Sed retinent fixos frigora sæva pedes.
 Te propè viderunt, ô terris major Apollo,
 Nascentem, et Delo plus licuisse dolen. 10

Q iij

Tanta decent Carolum rerum miracula? Tecum,
Si pelago redeas, Insula navis eat,
Si terra, vestri comitentur plaustra Bootæ;
Sed rota tarda gelu, sed nimis ipse piger.
Compositam placidè jam lætus despicit Arcton, 15
Horrentésque novo lumine adornat equos.
Ah! nunquam rubeat civili sanguine Tueda,
Nec petat attonitum decolor unda mare!
Callisto in vetitum potiùs descenderet æquor,
Quàm vellet tantum mœsta videre nefas. 20
Convenisse feris inter se noverat Urfis,
Et generi ingenium mitius esse suo.
Nos gens una sumus; De Scoti nomine et Angli
Grammatici soli prælia rauca gerant.
Tam bene cognatos compescit Carolus enses, 25
Et pacem populis fundit ab ore suis.
Hæc illi laudem virtus immensa minorem
Eripuit; nunquam bella videre potest.
Sic gladios solvit vaginis fulgur in ipsis;
Effectùque potest vix priùs ire suo. 30
Sic vigil æterno regnator Phœbus Olympo
Circumfert subitam, quàm volat ipse, diem.
Nil illi prodest stellarum exercitus ingens;
Ut possit tenebras pellere, solus adest. 34

EPISTLES.

TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

upon his marriage with

THE LORD FAIRFAX HIS DAUGHTER.

I.

BEAUTY and Strength together came,
Ev'n from the birth, with Buckingham;
The little active seeds which since are grown
So fair, so large, and high,
With life itself were in him sown: 5
Honour and Wealth stood like the midwives by,
To take the birth into their happy hands,
And wrapt him warm in their rich swaddlingbands.
To the great stock the thriving infant soon
Made greater acquisitions of his own: 10
With beauty gen'rous goodness he combin'd,
Courage to strength, judgment to wit he join'd:
He pair'd and match'd his native virtues right,
Both to improve their use and their delight.

II.

O blest'd conjunction' of the fairest stars 15
That shine in human nature's sphere!
But, O! what envious cloud your influence bars!
Ill Fortune! what dost thou do there?
Hadst thou the least of modesty,
Thou 'dst be asham'd that we should see 20

Thy deform'd looks, and drefs, in fuch a company.
 Thou wert deceiv'd, rash Goddeffs! in thy hate,
 If thou didft foolifhly believe
 That thou couldft him of ought deprive
 But, what men hold of thee, a great eftate. 25
 And here indeed thou to the full didft fhew
 All that thy tyrant deity could do:
 His virtues never did thy pow'r obey;
 In diffipating ftorms and routed battles they
 Did close and conftant with their captain ftay; 30
 They with him into exile went,
 And kept their home in banifhment.
 The noble youth was often forc'd to flee
 From the infatiate rage of thee,
 Difguifed and unknown. 35
 In all his fhapes they always kept their own;
 Nay, with the foil of darknefs brighter fhone,
 And might unwillingly have done,
 But that juft Heav'n thy wicked will abhorr'd, 39
 What virtues moft deteft, might have betray'd their
 III. [Lord.
 Ah! flothful Love! couldft thou with patience fee
 Fortune ufurp that flow'ry fpring from thee,
 And nip thy rofy feafon with a cold,
 That comes too foon when life's fhort year grows old:
 Love his grofs error faw at laft, 45
 And promis'd large amends for what was paft;

He promis'd, and has done it, which is more
 Than I, who knew him long, e'er knew him do before.
 He 'as done it nobly, and we must confess
 Could do no more, tho' he ought to do no less. 50
 What has he done? he has repaid
 The ruins which a luckless war did make:
 And added to it a reward
 Greater than Conquest for its share could take:
 His whole estate could not such gain produce, 55
 Had it lain out a hundred years at use.

IV.

Now blessings to thy noble choice betide,
 Happy, and happy-making Bride!
 Tho' thou art born of a victorious race,
 And all their rougher victory dost grace 60
 With gentle triumphs of thy face,
 Permit us, in this milder war, to prize
 No less thy yielding heart than thy victorious eyes;
 Nor doubt the honour of that field
 Where thou didst first o'ercome ere thou didst yield.
 And tho' thy father's martial name 66
 Has fill'd the trumpets and the drums of Fame,
 Thy husband triumphs now no less than he,
 And it may justly question'd be
 Which was the happiest conqu'ror of the three. 70

V.

There is in Fate, (which none but poets see)
 There is in Fate the noblest poetry, [thee;
 And she has shown, great Duke! her utmost art in

For after all the troubles of thy scene,
 Which so confus'd and intricate have been, 75
 She 'as ended with this match thy tragi-comedy:
 We all admire it, for, the truth to tell,
 Our poet, Fate, ends not all plays so well;
 But this she as her masterpiece does boast,
 And so indeed she may; 80
 For in the middle acts and turnings of the play,
 Alas! we gave our hero up for lost.
 All men I see this with applause receive;
 And now let me have leave,
 A servant of the person and the art,
 To speak this prologue to the second part. 86

TO THE DUTCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

If I should say that in your face were seen
 Nature's best picture of the Cyprian queen;
 If I should swear, under Minerva's name,
 Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame;
 The future age would think it flattery, 5
 But to the present, which can witness be,
 'Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far
 As you above the rest of women are.

When Manner's name with Villiers join'd I see,
 How do I rev'rence your nobility! 10
 But when the virtues of your stock I view,
 (Envy'd in your dead lord, admir'd in you)
 I half adore them: for what woman can,
 Besides yourself, (nay, I might say, what man)

By sex, and birth, and fate, and years, excel 15
In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well?

Oh ! how had this begot idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the world's infancy,
When man's too-much religion made the best
Or deities, or semi-gods at least ? 20
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or if we were not, by your modesty,
Will make our hearts an altar, and there pray
Not to, but for, you, nor that England may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But, what 's more possible, t' enjoy you long. 26

To his very much honoured

GODFATHER, MR. A. B.

I.

I LOVE (for that upon the wings of Fame
Shall perhaps mock Death, or Time's dart) my name;
I love it more, because 't was giv'n by you ;
I love it most, because 't was your name too :
For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame 5
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

II.

I 'm glad that city t' whom I ow'd before
(But, ah me ! Fate hath cross'd that willing score)
A father, gave me a godfather too,
And I 'm more glad because it gave me you, 10
Whom I may rightly think, and term to be,
Of the whole city an epitome.

III.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
 (When Nature had not licens'd my tongue
 Farther then cries) who should my office do ; 15
 I thank her more because she found out you,
 In whose each look I may a sentence see ;
 In whose each deed a teaching homily.

IV.

How shall I pay this debt to you ? my Fate
 Denies me Indian pearl or Persian plate ; 20
 Which tho' it did not, to requite you thus,
 Were to send apples to Alcinous,
 And sell the cunning'st way : no, when I can
 In ev'ry leaf, in ev'ry verse, write Man :

V.

When my quill relisheth a school no more, 25
 When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learn'd to soar,
 And gotten wings as well as feet, look then
 For equal thanks from my unwearied pen ;
 Till future ages say, 't was you did give
 A name to me, and I made your's to live. 30

TO HIS MISTRESS.

I.

TYRIAN dye why do you wear,
 You whose cheeks best scarlet are ?
 Why do you so fondly pin
 Pure linen o'er your skin,

(Your skin, that's whiter far) 5
Casting a dusky cloud before a star?

II.

Why bears your neck a golden chain?
Did Nature make your hair in vain?
Of gold most pure and fine,
With gems why do you shine? 10
They, neighbours to your eyes,
Show but like phosphor when the sun doth rise.

III.

I would have all my Mistress' parts
Owe more to Nature than to arts;
I would not woo the dress, 15
Or one whose nights give less
Contentment than the day.
She's fair whose beauty only makes her gay.

IV.

For 't is not buildings make a court,
Or pomp, but 't is the king's resort. 20
If Jupiter down pour
Himself, and in a show'r
Hide such bright majesty,
Less than a golden one it cannot be. 24

TO A LADY WHO DESIRED
A SONG OF MR. COWLEY.

HE PRESENTED THIS FOLLOWING.

I.

Come, Poetry! and with you bring along
A rich and painted throng
Of noblest words into my song :
Into my numbers let them gently flow,
Soft and pure, and thick as snow, 5
And turn thy numbers still to prove
Smooth as the smoothest sphere above,
And like a sphere harmoniously move.

II.

Little dost thou, vain Song! thy fortune know,
What thou art destin'd to, 10
And what the stars intend to do.
Among a thousand songs but few can be
Born to the honour promis'd thee :
Eliza's self shall thee receive,
And a blest'd being to thee give; 15
Thou on her sweet and tuneful voice shalt live.

III.

Her warbling tongue shall freely with thee play,
Thou on her lips shalt stray,
And dance upon the rosy-way :

No prince alive that would not envy thee, 20
 And count thee happier far than he :
 And how shalt thou thy author crown !
 When fair Eliza shall be known
 To sing thy praise, when she but speaks her own. 24

TO THE LORD FALKLAND,

For his safe return from the

NORTHERN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SCOTS.

GREAT is thy charge, O North ! be wise and just,
 England commits her Falkland to thy trust :
 Return him safe : Learning would rather chuse
 Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose.
 All things that are but writ or printed there, 5
 In his unbounded breast engraven are :
 There all the Sciences together meet,
 And ev'ry art does all her kindred greet,
 Yet jostle not, nor quarrel ; but as well
 Agree as in some common principle. 10
 So in an army, govern'd right, we see
 (Tho' out of sev'ral countries rais'd it be)
 That all their order, and their place maintain,
 The English, Dutch, the Frenchmen, and the Dane.
 So thousand divers species fill the air, 15
 Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there ;
 Beasts, houses, trees, and men together lie,
 Yet enter undisturb'd into the eye.

R ij

And this great Prince of knowledge is by Fate
Thrust into th' noise and bus'ness of a state. 20
All virtues, and some customs, of the court,
Other men's labour are at least his sport.
Whilst we who can no action undertake,
Whom Idleness itself might learned make,
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know 25
Whether the Scots in England be or no,
Pace dully on, oft' tire, and often stay,
Yet see his nimble Pegasus fly away.
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her estate of wit on one bestow : 30
Whilst we, like younger brothers, get at best
But a small stock, and must work out the rest.
How could he answer 't, should the state think fit
To question a monopoly of wit?

Such is the man whom we require, the same 35
We lent the North, untouch'd as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he's free.
Those men alone (and those are useful too)
Whose valour is the only art they know, 40
Were for sad war and bloody battles born;
Let them the state defend, and he adorn. 42

TO THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

UPON HIS ENLARGEMENT OUT OF THE TOWER.

PARDON, my Lord! that I am come so late
T' express my joy for your return of Fate.
So when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of liberty, at first I could not grieve;
My thoughts awhile, like you, imprison'd lay; 5
Great joys, as well as sorrows, make a stay;
They hinder one another in the crowd,
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.
Should ev'ry man's officious gladness haste,
And be afraid to show itself the last, 10
The throng of gratulations now would be
Another loss to you of liberty.
When of your freedom men the news did hear,
Where it was wish'd for, that is every where,
'Twas like the speech which from your lips does fall,
As soon as it was heard it ravish'd all. 16
So eloquent Tully did from exile come;
Thus long'd-for he return'd, and cherish'd Rome,
Which could no more his tongue and counsels miss;
Rome, the world's Head! was nothing without his. 20
Wrong to those sacred ashes I should do,
Should I compare any to him but you;
You to whom Art and Nature did dispense
The Consulship of wit and eloquence.

R iij

Nor did your fate differ from his at all, 25
Because the doom of exile was his fall;
For the whole world without a native home,
Is nothing but a pris'n of larger room:
But like a melting woman suffer'd he,
He, who before outdid humanity: 30
Nor could his sp'rit constant and stedfast prove,
Whose art it had been, and greatest end, to move.
You put ill Fortune in so good a dress,
That it outshone other men's happiness.
Had your prosper'ty always clearly gone 35
As your high merits would have led it on,
You 'ad half been lost, and an example then
But for the happy, the least part of men.
Your very suff'rings did so graceful show,
That some straight envy'd your affliction too: 40
For a clear conscience and heroick mind
In ills their bus'ness and their glory find.
So tho' less worthy stones are drown'd in night,
The faithful di'mond keeps his native light,
And is oblig'd to darkness for a ray 45
That would be more oppress'd than help'd by day.
Your soul then most show'd her unconquer'd pow'r,
Was stronger and more armed than the Tow'r.
Sure unkind Fate will tempt your sp'rit no more;
She 'as try'd her weakness and your strength before.
T' oppose him still who once has conquer'd so, 50
Were now to be your rebel, not your foe.

Fortune, henceforth, will more of Prov'dence have,
And rather be your friend than be your slave. 54

TO A LADY WHO MADE POSIES FOR RINGS.

I.

I LITTLE thought the time would ever be
That I should wit in dwarfish posies see.
As all words in few letters live,
Thou to few words all sense dost give.
'Twas Nature taught you this rare art 5
In such a little much to show,
Who all the good she did impart
To womankind epitomiz'd in you.

II.

If, as the Ancients did not doubt to sing,
The turning years be well compar'd t' a ring, 10
We'll write whate'er from you we hear,
For that 's the posy of the year:
This diff'rence only will remain,
That Time his former face does show,
Winding into himself again, 15
But your unweary'd wit is always new.

III.

'Tis said that conj'ners have an art found out
To carry sp'rits confin'd in rings about:
The wonder now will less appear,
When we behold your magick here. 20

You by your rings do pris'ners take,
 And chain them with your mystick spells,
 And the strong witchcraft full to make,
 Love, the great devil, charm'd to those circles dwells.

IV.

They who above do various circles find, 25
 Say like a ring th' equator heav'n does bind.
 When heav'n shall be adorn'd by thee
 (Which then more heav'n than 'tis will be)
 'Tis thou must write the posy there,
 For it wanteth one as yet, 30
 Tho' the sun pass thro' it twice a-year,
 The sun who is esteem'd the god of wit.

V.

Happy the hands which wear thy sacred rings,
 They'll teach those hands to write mysterious things.
 Let other rings, with jewels bright, 35
 Cast around their costly light,
 Let them want no noble stone
 By Nature rich, and Art refin'd,
 Yet shall thy rings give place to none,
 But only that which must thy marriage bind. 40

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT,

finished before his voyage to America.

ME THINKS heroick poesy till now
 Like some fantastick Fairy-land did show;

Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
And all but man, in man's chief work had place.
Thou, like some worthy knight, with sacred arms, 5
Dost drive the monsters thence and end the charms:
Instead of those dost men and manners plant,
The things which that rich soil did chiefly want:
Yet ev'n thy mortals do their gods excel,
Taught by thy Muse to fight and love so well. 10

By fatal hands whilst present empires fall,
Thine from the grave past monarchies recall.
So much more thanks from humankind does merit
The poet's fury than the zealot's spirit:
And from the grave thou mak'st this empire rise, 15
Not like some dreadful ghost t' affright our eyes,
But with more lustre and triumphant state
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona sat.
So will our God rebuild man's perish'd frame,
And raise him up much better, yet the same: 20
So godlike poets do past things rehearse,
Not change, but heighten Nature by their verse.

With shame, methinks, great Italy must see
Her conqu'rors rais'd to life again by thee;
Rais'd by such pow'rful verse, that ancient Rome 25
May blush no less to see her wit o'ercome.
Some men their fancies like their faith derive,
And think all ill but that which Rome does give;
The marks of old and Catholick would find,
To the same chair would Truth and Fiction bind. 30

Thou in those beaten paths disdain'st to tread,
 And scorn'st to live by robbing of the dead.
 Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit,
 This latter age should see all new but wit.
 Thy fancy like a flame its way does make, 35
 And leaves bright tracks for following pens to take.
 Sure 't was this noble boldness of the Muse
 Did thy desire to seek new worlds infuse,
 And ne'er did Heav'n so much a voyage bless,
 If thou canst plant but there with like success. 40

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

I.

PHILOSOPHY! the great and only heir
 Of all that human knowledge which has been
 Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,
 Tho' full of years he do appear,
 (Philosophy! I say, and call it he, 5
 For whatsoe'er the painter's fancy be,
 It a male virtue seems to me)
 Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
 Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast estate.
 Three or four thousand years, one would have thought,
 To ripeness and perfection might have brought 11
 A science so well bred and nurs'd,
 And of such hopeful parts, too, at the first;
 But, oh! the guardians and the tutors then,
 (Some negligent, and some ambitious men) 15

Would ne'er consent to set him free,
 Or his own nat'ral pow'rs to let him see,
 Lest that should put an end to their authority.

II.

That his own bus'ness he might quite forget,
 They' amus'd him with the sports of wanton Wit; 20
 With the deserts of poetry they fed him,
 Instead of solid meats t' increase his force;
 Instead of vig'rous exercise they led him
 Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse:
 Instead of carrying him to see 25
 The riches which do hoarded for him lie
 In Nature's endless treasury,
 They chose his eye to entertain
 (His curious, but not cov'tous, eye)
 With painted scenes and pageants of the brain. 30
 Some few exalted sp'rits this latter age has shown,
 That labour'd to assert the liberty
 (From guardians who were now usurpers grown)
 Of this old minor still, captiv'd Philosophy;
 But 't was rebellion call'd, to fight 35
 For such a long-oppressed right.
 Bacon, at last, a mighty man! arose,
 Whom a wise King and Nature chose
 Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
 And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cause. 40

III

Authority, which did a body boast,
 Tho' 't was but air condens'd, and stalk'd about

Like some old giant's more gigantick ghost,
 To terrify the learned rout
 With the plain magick of true reason's light, 45
 He chas'd out of our sight,
 Nor suffer'd living men to be misled
 By the vain shadows of the dead : [tom fled :
 To graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd phan-
 He broke that monstrous god which stood 50
 In midst of th' orchard, and the whole did claim,
 Which with a useless scythe of wood,
 And something else not worth a name,
 (Both vast for show, yet neither fit
 Or to defend or to beget, 55
 Ridiculous and senseless terrours!) made
 Children and superstitious men afraid.
 The orchard's open now, and free ;
 Bacon has broke that scarecrow deity :
 Come, enter all that will, 60
 Behold the ripen'd fruit, come, gather now your fill!
 Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
 Catching at the forbidden tree ;
 We would be like the Deity ;
 When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we 65
 Without the senses' aid within ourselves would see ;
 For 't is God only who can find
 All nature in his mind.

IV.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought,
 (Tho' we our thoughts from them perversely drew) 70

To things, the mind's right object, he it brought;
 Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew:
 He fought and gather'd for our use the true;
 And when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
 He press'd them wisely the mechanick way, 75
 Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
 Ferment into a nourishment divine,
 The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
 Who to the life an exact piece would make,
 Must not from others' work a copy take; 80
 No, not from Rubens or Vandyck;
 Much less content himself to make it like
 Th' ideas and the images which lie
 In his own fancy or his memory:
 No, he before his sight must place 85
 The natural and living face;
 The real object must command
 Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

V.

From these, and all long errors of the way,
 In which our wand'ring predecessors went, 90
 And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
 In deserts but of small extent,
 Bacon! like Moses, led us forth at last;
 The barren wilderness he pass'd,
 Did on the very border stand 95
 Of the blest'd Promis'd Land,

And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
 Saw it himself, and show'd us it.
 But life did never to one man allow
 Time to discover worlds and conquer too ; 100
 Nor can so short a line sufficient be
 To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea :
 The work he did we ought t' admire,
 And were unjust if we should more require
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess 105
 Of low affliction and high happiness :
 For who on things remote can fix his sight,
 That 's always in a triumph or a fight !

VI.

From you, great Champions! we expect to get
 These spacious countries but discover'd yet ; 110
 Countries where yet, instead of Nature, we
 Her image and her idols worshipp'd see :
 These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
 Tho' Learning has whole armies at command,
 Quarter'd about in every land, 115
 A better troop she ne'er together drew.
 Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
 God with design has pick'd out you,
 To do these noble wonders by a few.
 When the whole host he saw, They are, said he, 120
 Too many to o'ercome for me:
 And now he chuses out his men,
 Much in the way that he did then :

Not those many, whom he found
 Idly extended on the ground
 To drink, with their dejected head, 125
 The stream, just so as by their mouths it fled:
 No, but those few who took the waters up,
 And made of their laborious hands the cup.

VII.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight 130
 Their wondrous pattern, too, you take:
 Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
 And with their hands then lifted up the light.
 Lo! found too the trumpets here!
 Already your victorious lights appear; 135
 New scenes of heav'n already we espy,
 And crowds of golden worlds on high,
 Which from the spacious plains of earth and sea
 Could never yet discover'd be
 By sailors' or Chaldeans' watchful eye. 140
 Nature's great works no distance can obscure,
 No smallness her near objects can secure:
 Ye 'ave taught the curious sight to press
 Into the privatest recess
 Of her imperceptible littleness: 145
 Ye 'ave learn'd to read her smallest hand,
 And well begun her deepest sense to understand.

VIII.

Mischief and true dishonour fall on those
 Who would to laughter or to scorn expose

So virtuous and so noble a design, 150
 So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
 The things which these proud men despise, and call
 Impertinent, and vain, and small,
 Those smallest things of Nature let me know,
 Rather than all their greatest actions do. 155
 Whoever would depose Truth advance
 Into the throne usurp'd from it,
 Must feel at first the blows of ignorance,
 And the sharp points of envious Wit.
 So when, by various turns of the celestial dance, 160
 In many thousand years
 A star, so long unknown, appears,
 Tho' heav'n itself more beauteous by it grow,
 It troubles and alarms the world below,
 Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, show. 165

IX.

With courage and success you the bold work begin;
 Your cradle has not idle been:
 None e'er but Hercules and you could be
 At five years' age worthy a history:
 And ne'er did Fortune better yet 170
 Th' historian to the story fit.
 As you from all old errors free
 And purge the body of Philosophy,
 So from all modern follies he
 Has vindicated eloquence and wit: 175
 His candid style like a clean stream does slide,

And his bright fancy all the way
 Does, like the sunshine, in it play;
 It does like Thames, the best of rivers! glide,
 Where the god does not rudely overturn, 180
 But gently pour, the crystal urn,
 And with judicious hand does the whole current guide.
 It has all the beauties Nature can impart,
 And all the comely dress, without the paint, of Art 184

ELEGIACK POEMS.

An Elegy on the death of

JOHN LITTLETON, ESQ.

*Son and heir to Sir Thomas Littleton, who was drowned
leaping into the water to save his younger brother.*

AND must these waters smile again, and play
About the shore, as they did yesterday?
Will the sun court them still? and shall they show
No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
That to the thirsty traveller may say, 9
I am accurs'd, go turn some other way?

It is unjust; black Flood! thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his loss, than all thy wat'ry store
Can give thee tears to mourn for: birds shall be,
And beasts, henceforth, afraid to drink with thee.

What have I said! my pious rage hath been 11
Too hot, and acts whilst it accuseth sin.
Thou 'rt innocent, I know, still clear and bright,
Fit whence so pure a soul should take its flight.
How is our angry zeal confin'd! for he 15
Must quarrel with his love and piety,
That would revenge his death. Oh! I shall sin,
And wish anon he had less virtuous been:

For when his brother (tears for him I'd spill,
But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill) 20
Struggled for life with the rude waves, he, too,
Leapt in : and when hope no faint beam could show,
His charity shone most : "Thou shalt," said he,
"Live with me, Brother ! or I'll die with thee ;"
And so he did. Had he been thine, O Rome ! 25
Thou wouldst have call'd his death a Martyrdom,
And fainted him : my Conscience ! give me leave,
I'll do so too. If Fate will us bereave
Of him we honour'd living, there must be
A kind of rev'rence to his memory 30
After his death : and where more just than here,
Where life and end were both so singular ?
He that had only talk'd with him might find
A little academy in his mind ;
Where Wisdom master was, and Fellows all 35
Which we can good, which we can virtuous, call.
Reason and holy Fear the Proctors were,
To apprehend those words, those thoughts that err.
His learning had outrun the rest of heirs,
Stol'n beard from Time, and leapt to twenty years.
And as the sun, tho' in full glory bright, 40
Shines upon all men with impartial light,
And a good-morrow to the beggar brings
With as full rays as to the mightiest kings ;
So he, altho' his worth just state might claim, 45
And give to Pride an honourable name,

With courtesy to all, cloath'd virtue so,
 That 't was not higher than his thoughts were low.
 In 's body, too, no critick eye could find
 The smallest blemish to belie his mind: 50
 He was all pureness, and his outward part
 But represents the picture of his heart.
 When waters swallow'd mankind, and did cheat
 The hungry worm of its expected meat;
 When gems, pluck'd from the shore by ruder hands,
 Return'd again unto their native sands; 56
 'Mongst all those spoils there was not any prey
 Could equal what this brook hath stol'n away.
 Weep then, sad Flood! and tho' thou'rt innocent,
 Weep, because Fate made thee her instrument: 60
 And when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,
 Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more. 62

On the death of the Right Hon.

DUDLEY LORD CARLETON,

VISCOUNT DORCHESTER, LATE SECRETARY OF STATE.

TH' Infernal Sisters did a council call
 Of all the fiends, to the black Stygian-hall;
 The dire Tartarean monsters, hating light,
 Begot by dismal Erebus and Night,
 Where'er dispers'd abroad, hearing the fame 5
 Of their accursed meeting, thither came.

Revenge, whose greedy mind no blood can fill,
 And Envy, never fatisfy'd with ill.
 Thither blind Boldness and impatient Rage
 Reforted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age : 10
 These to oppress the earth the Furies sent,
 To spare the guilty, vex the innocent.
 The council thus dissolv'd, an angry fever,
 Whose quenchless thirst by blood was fated never,
 Envyng the riches, honour, greatness, love, 15
 And virtue, (loadstone that all these did move)
 Of noble Carleton ! him she took away,
 And like a greedy vulture seiz'd her prey.
 Weep with me each who either reads or hears,
 And know his loss deserves his country's tears. 20
 The Muses lost a patron by his fate,
 Virtue a husband, and a prop the state.
 Sol's chorus weeps, and to adorn his hearse
 Calliope would sing a tragick verse :
 And had there been before no spring of theirs,
 They would have made a Helicon with tears. 26

On the death of my loving friend and cousin,

MR. RICHARD CLARKE,

LATE OF LINCOLN'S-INN, GENT.

IT was decreed by stedfast Destiny,
 (The world from chaos turn'd) that all should die.

He who durst fearless pass black Acheron,
And dangers of th' infernal region,
Leading Hell's triple porter captive, 5
Was overcome himself by conqu'ring Fate.
The Roman Tully's pleasing eloquence,
Which in the ears did lock up every sense
Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath
Could not at all charm still remorseless Death; 10
Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save
Himself, with all his wisdom, from the grave.
Stern Fate brought Maro to his fun'ral flame,
And would have ended in that fire his fame;
Burning those lofty lines, which now shall be 15
Time's conqu'rors, and outlast eternity.
Ev'n so lov'd Clarke from death no 'scape could find,
Tho' arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.
He was adorn'd in years, tho' far more young,
With learned Cicero's, or a sweeter tongue; 20
And could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His youth a Solon's wisdom did presage,
Had envious Time but giv'n him Solon's age:
Who would not, therefore, now, if Learning's friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end? 26
Who hath such hard, such unrelenting eyes,
As not to weep when so much virtue dies?
The god of poets doth in darkness shroud
His glorious face, and weeps behind a cloud. 30

The doleful Muses thinking now to write
 Sad elegies, their tears confound their sight;
 But him t' Elysium's lasting joys they bring,
 Where winged angels his sad requiems sing. 34

ON THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

WHAT shall we say, since silent now is he,
 Who when he spoke, all things would silent be?
 Who had so many languages in store,
 That only Fame shall speak of him in more!
 Whom England now no more return'd must see? 5
 He's gone to Heav'n on his fourth embassy.
 On earth he travell'd often; not to say
 He'd been abroad, or pass'd loose time away.
 In whatsoever land he chanc'd to come,
 He read the men and manners, bringing home 10
 Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
 As if he went to conquer, not to see.
 So well he understood the most and best
 Of tongues that Babel sent into the West,
 Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear) 15
 Not only liv'd, but been born every where.
 Justly each nation's speech to him was known,
 Who for the world was made, not us alone.
 Nor ought the language of that man be less,
 Who in his breast had all things to express. 20
 We say that learning's endless, and blame Fate
 For not allowing life a longer date;

He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find ;
 He found them not so large as was his mind ;
 But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan 25
 Because that Art had no more worlds than one ;
 And when he saw that he thro' all had pass'd,
 He dy'd, lest he should idle grow at last. 28

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JORDAN,

SECOND MASTER AT WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL.

HENCE! and make room for me, all you who come
 Only to read th' epitaph on this tomb.
 Here lies the master of my tender years,
 The guardian of my parents' hope and fears ;
 Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear ; 5
 All weeping was reserv'd to spend it here.
 Come hither all who his rare virtues knew,
 And mourn with me ; he was your tutor too.
 Let's join our sighs, till they fly far, and show
 His native Belgia what she's now to do. 10
 The league of grief bids her with us lament ;
 By her he was brought forth, and hither sent
 In payment of all men we there had lost,
 And all the English blood those wars have cost.
 Wisely did Nature this learn'd man divide : 15
 His birth was theirs, his death the mournful pride
 Of England ; and t' avoid the envious strife
 Of other lands, all Europe had his life,

But we in chief: our country soon was grown
A debtor more to him than he to his own. 20
He pluck'd from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up men against the future times:
For deeds of age are in their causes then,
And tho' he taught but boys, he made the men.
Hence 'twas a master, in those ancient days, 25
When men sought knowledge first, and by it praise:
Was a thing full of rev'rence, profit, fame,
Father itself was but a second name.
He scorn'd the profit; his instructions all
Were like the science, free and liberal. 30
He deserv'd honours, but despis'd them too,
As much as those who have them others do.
He knew not that which compliment they call;
Could flatter none, but himself least of all.
So true, so faithful, and so just as he, 35
Was nought on earth but his own memory:
His memory! where all things written were
As sure and fix'd as in Fate's books they are.
Thus he in arts so vast a treasure gain'd,
Whilst still the use came in and stock remain'd: 40
And having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labour'd with it to enrich others now:
Did thus a new and harder task sustain,
Like those that work in mines for others' gain.
He, tho' more nobly, had much more to do 45
To search the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too:

Tho' my excuse would be, I must confess,
 Much better had his diligence been less.
 But if a Muse hereafter smile on me,
 And say, Be thou a poet; men shall see 50
 That none could a more grateful scholar have,
 For what I ow'd his life I'll pay his grave. 52

ON THE DEATH OF
 SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK,

THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

VANDYCK is dead; but what bold Muse shall dare
 (Tho' poets in that word with painters share)
 T' express her sadness? Poesy must become
 An art, like painting here, an art that's dumb.
 Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep, 5
 Like some sad picture which he made to weep,
 Or those who saw't, for none his works could view,
 Unmov'd with the same passions which he drew.
 His pieces so with their live objects strive,
 That both or pictures seem, or both alive. 10
 Nature herself, amaz'd, does doubting stand
 Which is her own, and which the painter's hand,
 And does attempt the like with less success,
 When her own work in twins she would express.
 His all-resembling pencil did outpass 15
 The mimick imag'ry of looking-glasses.

Nor was his life less perfect than his art;
Nor was his hand less erring than his heart :
There was no false or fading colour there,
The figures sweet and well-proportion'd were. 20
Most other men, set next to him in view,
Appear'd more shadows than the men he drew.
Thus still he liv'd, till Heav'n did for him call,
Where rev'rend Luke salutes him first of all ;
Where he beholds new sights, divinely fair, 25
And could almost wish for his pencil there ;
Did he not gladly see how all things shine,
Wondrously painted in the mind Divine,
Whilst he, for ever ravish'd with the show,
Scorns his own art which we admire below. 30

Only his beauteous lady still he loves;
(The love of heav'nly objects heav'n improves)
He sees bright angels in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left so like them here.
And you, fair Widow ! who stay here alive, 35
Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve.
Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be ;
Begin not now, blest'd Pair ! to disagree.
No wonder death mov'd not his gen'rous mind,
You, and a new-born you, he left behind. 40
Ev'n Fate express'd his love to his dear wife,
And let him end your picture with his life. 42

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HARVEY.

 Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus.

MART.

I.

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
 Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light,
 When Sleep, Death's image, left my troubled breast,
 By something liker death possess'd :
 My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow, 5
 And on my soul hung the dull weight
 Of some intolerable fate.
 What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know.

II.

My sweet Companion! and my gentle Peer!
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here, 10
 Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
 O thou hast left me all alone!
 Thy soul and body, when death's agony
 Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part 15
 Than I, my dearest Friend! do part from thee.

III.

My dearest Friend! would I had dy'd for thee!
 Life and this world, henceforth, will tedious be;
 Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
 If once my griefs prove tedious too. 20

Silent and sad I walk about all day,
 As fullen ghosts stalk speechless by
 Where their hid treasures lie :
 Alas! my treasure's gone, why do I stay?

IV.

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth; 25
 A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth :
 Nor did we envy the most sounding name
 By Friendship giv'n of old to Fame.
 None but his brethren he, and sisters, knew,
 Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me; 30
 And ev'n in that we did agree,
 For much above myself I lov'd them too.

V.

Say, for you saw us, ye Immortal Lights!
 How oft', unweary'd, have we spent the nights,
 Till the Ledæan stars, so fam'd for love, 35
 Wonder'd at us from above?
 We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,
 But search of deep philosophy,
 Wit, eloquence, and poetry; 39
 Arts which I lov'd, for they, my Friend! were thine.

VI.

Ye Fields of Cambridge! our dear Cambridge! say,
 Have you not seen us walking ev'ry day?
 Was there a tree about which did not know
 The love betwixt us two?

Henceforth, ye gentle Trees! for ever fade, 45
 Or your sad branches thicker join,
 And into darksome shades combine,
 Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

VII.

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you sing,
 Till all the tuneful birds t' your boughs they bring ;
 No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer, 51
 And call the learned youths to hear ;
 No whistling winds thro' the glad branches fly,
 But all, with sad solemnity,
 Mute and unmoved be, 55
 Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

VIII.

To him my Muse made haste with ev'ry strain,
 Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the brain.
 He lov'd my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
 Would find out something to commend. 60
 Hence, now, my Muse! thou canst not me delight ;
 Be this my latest verse,
 With which I now adorn his hearse,
 And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

IX.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow, 65
 I should condemn that flour'ishing honour now,
 Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
 It rage and crackle there.
 Instead of bays, crown with sad cypresses me ;
 Cypresses! which tombs does beautify : 70

Not Phœbus griev'd so much as I
For him, who first was made that mournful tree.

X.

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here:
High as the place 't was shortly' in heav'n to have, 75
But low and humble as his grave:
So high, that all the Virtues there did come
As to the chiefest feat,
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me, too, it made a room. 80

XI.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals, pleasure call;
Was fill'd with inn'cent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He like the stars, to which he now is gone, 85
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

XII.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought: 90
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.
Whene'er the skilful youth discours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his el'quent tongue, 95
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

XIII.

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,
 As all things but his judgment overcame;
 His judgment like the heav'nly moon did show,
 Temp'ring that mighty sea below. 100
 O had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound
 Would have been able to control
 His overpow'ring soul?
 We 'ave lost in him arts that not yet are found.

XIV.

His mirth was the pure sp'rits of various wit, 105
 Yet never did his God or friends forget;
 And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
 Retir'd, and gave to them their due.
 For the rich help of books he always took,
 Tho' his own searching mind before 110
 Was so with notions written o'er,
 As if wise Nature had made that her book.

XV.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
 Can scarce pick here and there in history:
 More than old writers' practice e'er could reach, 115
 As much as they could ever teach.
 These did religion, queen of Virtues, sway,
 And all their sacred motions steer,
 Just like the first and highest sphere,
 Which wheels about, and turns all heav'n one way. 120

XVI.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept :
Then down in peace and innocence he lay, **125**
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unfully'd with his journey of the day.

XVII.

Wondrous young Man! why wert thou made so good,
To be snatch'd hence ere better understood? **130**
Snatched before half of thee enough was seen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell,
But danger and infectious death
Maliciously seiz'd on that breath **135**
Where life, sp'rit, pleasure, always us'd to dwell.

XVIII.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantick age!
Where ign'rance and hypocrisy does rage!
A fitter time for heav'n no soul e'er chose,
The place now only free from those. **140**
There 'mong the bless'd thou dost for ever shine,
And wheresoe'er thou casts thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'st not a soul cloth'd with more light than thine.

XIX.

And if the glorious saints cease not to know 145
 Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
 Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
 Only more pure and rarify'd :
 There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
 Thou dost with holy pity see 150
 Our dull and earthly poesy,
 Where grief and mis'ry can be join'd with verse. 152

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

POET and Saint! to thee alone are giv'n
 The two most sacred names of earth and heav'n,
 The hard and rarest union which can be,
 Next that of Godhead with humanity.
 Long did the Muses banish'd slaves abide, 5
 And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
 Like Moses thou, (tho' spells and charms withstand)
 Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.

Ah, wretched We! poets of earth! but thou
 Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now. 10
 Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
 And joy in an applause so great as thine,
 Equal society with them to hold,
 Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old:
 And they, kind Spirits! shall all rejoice to see 15
 How little less than they exalted man may be.

Still the old Heathen gods in numbers dwell,
 The heav'nliest thing on earth still keeps up hell :
 Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Christian land ;
 Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand : 20
 And tho' Pan's death long since all or'cles broke,
 Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke :
 'Nay, with the worst of Heathen dotage we
 (Vain Men !) the monster Woman deify ;
 Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face, 25
 And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
 What diff'rent faults corrupt our Muses thus ?
 Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous !

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
 The boundless Godhead ; she did well disdain 30
 That her eternal verse employ'd should be
 On a less subject than eternity ;
 And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,
 But her whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse to
 It (in a kind) her miracles did do ; [make.
 A fruitful mother was, and virgin too. 36

How well blest'd Swan ! did Fate contrive thy death,
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
 In thy great mistress' arms * ? thou most divine
 And richest off'ring of Loretto's shrine ! 40
 Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
 A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.

* Mr. Crathaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly chosen
 Canon of that church.

Angels, they say, brought the fam'd chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph thro' the air.
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they 45
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my Mother Church! if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error sure no danger is
When join'd with so much piety as his. 50
Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak 't, and grief,
Ah! that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might 55
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right:
And I myself a Catholick will be,
So far, at least, great Saint! to pray to thee.

Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the Poets militant below! 60
Oppos'd by our old en'my, adverse Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance,
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by Desires,
Expos'd by tyrant Love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise, 65
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies:
Elisha-like, (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
Lo! here I beg, (I whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love) 70

Not that thy sp'rit might on me doubled be,
 I ask but half thy mighty sp'rit for me;
 And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing, 73
 'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee, to sing.

UPON THE DEATH OF
 THE EARL OF BALCARRES.

I.

'Tis folly all that can be said
 By living mortals of th' immortal dead,
 And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed.
 'Tis as if we, who stay behind
 In expectation of the wind, 5
 Should pity those who pass'd this streight before,
 And touch the universal shore.
 Ah! happy Man! who art to sail no more!
 And if it seem ridiculous to grieve
 Because our friends are newly come from sea, 10
 Tho' ne'er so fair and calm it be,
 What would all sober men believe,
 If they should hear us sighing say,
 Balcarres, who but th' other day
 Did all our love and our respect command, 15
 At whose great parts we all amaz'd did stand,
 Is from a storm, alas! cast suddenly on land?

II.

If you will say, few persons upon earth
 Did, more than he, deserve to have

A life exempt from fortune and the grave, 20
 Whether you look upon his birth,
 And ancestors, whose fame's so widely spread
 But ancestors, alas! who long ago are dead!
 Or whether you consider more
 The vast increase, as sure you ought, 25
 Of honour by his labour bought,
 And added to the former store;
 All I can answer is, that I allow
 The privilege you plead for, and avow,
 That as he well deserv'd, he doth enjoy it now. 30

III.

Tho' God, for great and righteous ends,
 Which his unerring providence intends,
 Erroneous mankind should not understand,
 Would not permit Balcarres' hand,
 That once, with so much industry and art, 35
 Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part,
 To perfect his distracted nation's cure,
 Or stop the fatal bondage 't was t' endure;
 Yet for his pains he soon did him remove,
 From all th' oppression and the wo 40
 Of his frail body's native soil below,
 To his soul's true and peaceful country' above:
 So godlike kings, for secret causes, known,
 Sometimes, but to themselves alone,
 One of their ablest ministers elect, 45
 And send abroad, to treaties which they intend

Shall never take effect;
 But tho' the treaty wants a happy end,
 The happy agent wants not the reward
 For which he labour'd faithfully and hard; 30
 His just and righteous master calls him home,
 And gives him near himself some honourable room.

IV.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
 To save his country, and restore his King;
 And whilst the manly half of him, which those 35
 Who know not love to be the whole suppose,
 Perform'd all parts of Virtue's vigorous life,
 The beauteous half, his lovely wife,
 Did all his labours and his cares divide,
 Nor was a lame nor paralytick side: 60
 In all the turns of human state,
 And all th' unjust attacks of Fate,
 She bore her share and portion still,
 And would not suffer any to be ill.
 Unfortunate for ever let me be, 65
 If I believe that such was he
 Whom in the storms of bad success,
 And all that error calls unhappiness,
 His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accompany.

V.

With these companions 't was not strange 70
 That nothing could his temper change.
 His own and country's ruin had not weight

Enough to crush his mighty mind :
 He saw around the hurricanes of state,
 Fix'd as an island 'gainst the waves and wind. 75
 Thus far the greedy sea may reach,
 All outward things are but the beach ;
 A great man's soul it doth assault in vain ;
 Their God himself the ocean doth restrain
 With an imperceptible chain, 80
 And bid it to go back again.
 His wisdom, justice, and his piety,
 His courage, both to suffer and to die,
 His virtues, and his lady, too,
 Were things celestial : and we see, 85
 In spite of quarrelling Philosophy,
 How in this case 't is certain found, 87
 That Heav'n stands still, and only earth goes round.

ON THE DEATH OF
 MRS. CATHARINE PHILIPS.

I.

CRUEL Disease! ah, could it not suffice
 Thy old and constant spight to exercise
 Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
 Which still thy depredations most do vex?
 Where still thy malice most of all, 5
 (Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall,
 And in them most assault the fairest place,
 The throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the face.

There was enough of that here to assuage
(One would have thought) either thy lust or rage. 10
Was't not enough when thou, profane Disease!
Didst on this glorious temple seize?
Was't not enough, like a wild zealot, there
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images? 15
Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou must quite destroy the goodly pile?
And thy unbounded sacrilege commit
On th' inward holiest holy of her wit?
Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st thy pow'r; 20
No mine of Death can that devour;
On her embalmed name it will abide
An everlasting pyramid,
As high as heav'n the top, as earth the basis wide.

II.

All ages past record, all countries now, 25
In various kinds such equal beauties show,
'That ev'n Judge Paris would not know
On whom the golden apple to bestow;
Tho' goddesses to his sentence did submit,
Women and lovers would appeal from it; 30
Nor durst he say, of all the female race
This is the sov'reign face.
And some (tho' these be of a kind that's rare,
That's much, ah! much less frequent than the fair)
So equally renown'd for virtue are, 35

That it the mother of the gods might pose,
When the best woman for her guide she chose:
But if Apollo should design
A woman Laureat to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda take, 40
Tho' Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by and did repine.
To be a princess or a queen
Is great, but 't is a greatness always seen;
The world did never but two women know 45
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit, did rise
To the two tops of sp'ritual dignities,
One female Pope of old, one female Poet now.

III.

Of female poets, who had names of old,
Nothing is shown, but only told, 50
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-flatt'ry only, and male-poetry!
Few minutes did their beauties' lightning waste,
The thunder of their voice did longer last,
But that, too, soon was past. 55
The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit
In her own lasting characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
Tho' long perhaps, too, that may live.
The trade of glory manag'd by the pen, 60
Tho' great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small profit to us men;
'Tis by the number of the sharers drown'd:

Orinda on the female coasts of Fame
 Engrosses all the goods of a poetick name: 65
 She does no partner with her fee,
 Does all the bus'ness there alone which we
 Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

IV.

But wit's like a luxuriant vine,
 Unless to Virtue's prop it join, 70
 Firm and erect towards heav'n bound; [crown'd,
 Tho' it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be
 It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.
 Now shame and blushes on us all,
 Who our own sex superiour call! 75
 Orinda does our boasting sex outdo,
 Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
 She does above our best examples rise
 In hate of vice and scorn of vanities.
 Never did spirit of the manly make, 80
 And dipp'd all o'er in Learning's sacred lake,
 A temper more invulnerable take.
 No violent passion could an entrance find
 Into the tender goodness of her mind;
 Thro' walls of stone those furious bullets may 85
 Force their impetuous way;
 When her soft breast they hit, pow'rless and dead they

V.

[lay.

The fame of Friendship which so long had told
 Of three or four illustrious names of old,

Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew, 90
Rejoices now to 'ave got a new,
A new, and more surprising story,
Of fair Leucasia's and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in some foreign country he must live, 95
The language and the manners he does strive
To understand and practise here,
That he may come no stranger there;
So well Orinda did herself prepare,
In this much-different clime, for her remove
To the glad world of Poetry and Love. 101

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

To the truly worthy and noble

SIR KENELM DIGBY, KNIGHT*.

THIS latter age, the lees of time, has known
Few that have made both Pallas' arts their own;
But you, great Sir! two laurels wear, and are
Victorious in peace as well as war:
Learning by right of conquest is your own, 5
And ev'ry lib'ral art your captive grown;
As if neglected Science (for it now
Wants some defenders) fled for help to you;
Whom I must follow, and let this for me
An earnest of my future service be; 10
Which I should fear to send you, did I know
Your judgment only, not your candour too:
For 't was a work stol'n (tho' you'll justly call
This play as fond as those) from Cat or Ball.
Had it been written since, I should, I fear, 15
Scarce have abstain'd from a philosopher,
Which by tradition here is thought to be
A necessary part in comedy.
Nor need I tell you this; each line of it
Betrays the time and place wherein 't was writ; 20

* This poem is prefixed to the pastoral comedy of Love's Riddle.

And I could wish that I could safely say,
 Reader, this play was made but th' other day.
 Yet 't is not stuff'd with names of gods, hard words,
 Such as the Metamorphoses affords;
 Nor has 't a part for Robinson, whom they 25
 At school account essential to a play.
 The style is low, such as you 'll easily take
 For what a swain might say, and a boy make.
 Take it, as early fruits, which rare appear,
 Tho' not half ripe, but worst of all the year; 30
 And if it please your taste, my Muse will say,
 The birch which crown'd her then is grown a bay. 32

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY ALUPIS.

THE Author bid me tell you—'Faith I have
 Forgot what 't was; and I 'm a very slave
 If I know what to say; but only this,
 Be merry; that my counsel always is.
 Let no grave man knit up his brow, and say 5
 'Tis foolish: why? 't was a boy made the play;
 Nor any yet of those that sit behind,
 Because he goes in plush, be of his mind.
 Let none his time, or his spent money, grieve:
 Be merry; give me your hands, and I'll believe: 10
 Or if you will not, I'll go in and see
 If I can turn the Author's mind, with me

To sing away the day,
 For 't is but a folly
 To be melancholy,
 Since that cann't mend the play. 16

PROLOGUS. NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE.

Exi foras inepte; nullamne habebunt hic comœdiam?
 Exi, inquam, inepte: aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.
 Tun' jam Sophista junior, et modestus adhuc?
 Ego nihil possum, præter quod cætera solent,
 Salvete cives Attici, et corona florentissima. 5
 Utinam illam videretis, plus hoc spectaculo
 Risuros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.
 Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.
 Nisi placidè intueamini, actum est de Puero.
 Tragœdia isthæc fiet, et Naufragium verum. 10
 Dicturus modo Prologum, novi, inquit, peccatum-
 Prodire, nisi personatus, in hanc frequentiam [meum.
 Non audet, et plus suâ rubescit purpurâ.
 Illius ergò causâ, finite exorator siem
 Ut nequis Poëta vitio vortat novitio, 15
 Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.
 Nisi fari inceptaverit, Nemo est futurus eloquens.
 Qui modò pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,
 Aliquandò balbutivit ac timuit loqui. 19
 Neque annos novem poscite; non est, Spectatores op-
 Adulta res, sed Puerilis, Ludere. [timi,

Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.
 Quis suum dieculæ invidet crepusculum?
 Quis violæ, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpuram?
 Favete et huic Flori, ne tanquam Solstitialis Herbula
 Repentè exortus, repentinò occidat. 26

EPILOGUS. NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE.

HABET; peracta est Fabula; nil restat denique:
 Nisi ut vos valere jubeam; quod ut fiat mutuò,
 Valere et nos etiam jubeatis precor.
 Naufragium sic non erit; nam vobis, si placuimus,
 Ut acutissime observat Gnomicus, Vir admirabilis,
 Jam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio. 6

PROLOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN.

BEFORE THE PRINCE.

Who says the times do learning disallow?
 'Tis false; 't was never honour'd so as now.
 When you appear, great Prince! our night is done;
 You are our morningstar, and shall be our sun.
 But our scene's London now, and by the rout 5
 We perish, if the Roundheads be about.
 For now no ornament the head must wear,
 No bays, no mitre, not so much as hair.
 How can a play pass safely, when, ye know,
 Cheapside-Cross falls for making but a show? 10

Our only hope is this, that it may be
 A play may pass, too, made *extempore*.
 Tho' other arts poor and neglected grow,
 They'll admit poesy, which was always so.
 But we condemn the fury of these days, 15
 And scorn no less their censure than their praise.
 Our Muse! blest'd Prince! does only' on you rely,
 Would gladly live, but not refuse to die.
 Accept our hasty zeal; a thing that's play'd
 Ere 't is a play, and acted ere 't is made. 20
 Our ign'rance, but our duty, too, we show:
 I would all ign'rant people would do so!
 At other times expect our wit or art;
 This comedy is acted by the heart. 24

EPILOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN.

THE play, Great Sir! is done; yet needs must fear,
 Tho' you brought all your father's mercies here,
 It may offend your Highness, and we 'ave now
 Three hours done treason here, for ought we know.
 But pow'r your Grace can above Nature give, 5
 It can give pow'r to make abortives live:
 In which, if our bold wishes should be cross'd,
 'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has lost:
 Tho' it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,
 Scarce could it die more quickly than 't was born. 10

PROLOGUE

TO THE CUTTER OF COLEMAN-STREET.

As when the midland sea is no where clear
From dreadful fleets of Tunis and Argier,
Which coast about, to all they meet with foes,
And upon which nought can be got but blows;
The merchant ships so much their passage doubt, 5
That, tho' full-freighted, none dares venture out,
And trade decays, and scarcity ensues:
Just so the tim'rous wits of late refuse,
Tho laded, to put forth upon the stage,
Affrighted by the criticks of this age. 10
It is a party num'rous, watchful, bold;
They can from nought, which fails in fight, withhold.
Nor do their cheap, tho' mortal, thunder spare;
They shoot, alas! with windguns charg'd with air.
But yet, Gentlemen Criticks of Argier, 15
For your own int'rest I'd advise ye here
To let this little forlorn hope go by,
Safe and untouch'd. That must not be, you'll cry.
If ye be wise it must; I'll tell you why. 19
There are seven, eight, nine—stay—there are be-
Ten plays at least, which wait but for a wind, [hind
And the glad news that we the en'my miss,
And those are all your own if you spare this.
Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite new,
Some by known shipwrights built, and others too 25

By that great author made, whoe'er he be,
 That styles himself Person of Quality.
 All these, if we miscarry here to-day,
 Will rather till they rot in th' harbour stay;
 Nay, they will back again, tho' they were come 30
 Ev'n to their last safe road, the Tiringroom.
 Therefore again I say, if you be wise,
 Let this for once pass free, let it suffice
 That we, your sov'reign pow'r here to avow,
 Thus humbly, ere we pass, strike sail to you. 35

ADDED AT COURT.

STAY, Gentlemen; what I have said, was all
 But forc'd submission, which I now recall.
 Ye're all but pirates now again; for here
 Does the true Sov'reign of the seas appear,
 The Sov'reign of these narrow seas of wit; 5
 'Tis his own Thames; he knows and governs it.
 'Tis his dominion and domain; as he
 Pleases 't is either shut to us or free.
 Not only if his passport we obtain,
 We fear no little rovers of the main; 10
 But if our Neptune his calm visage show,
 No wave shall dare to rise, or wind to blow. 12

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY CUTTER.

ME THINKS a vision bids me silence break,
[Without his peruke.

And some words to this congregation speak ;

So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet

At the fifth monarch's court in Coleman-street.

But yet I wonder much not to espy a

Brother in all this court call'd Zephaniah.

Bless me ! where are we ? what may this place be ?

For I begin my vision now to see

'That this is a mere theatre ; well, then,

If't be e'en so, I'll Cutter be again. *[Puts on his peruke.*

Not Cutter the pretended Cavalier,

For to confess ingenuously here

To you, who always of that party were,

I never was of any ; up and down

I roll'd, a very rakehell of this Town.

But now my follies and my faults are ended,

My fortune and my mind are both amended,

And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,

Our Author says he'll mend, that is, he'll write no
 more.

EPILOGUE AT COURT.

THE madness of your people, and the rage,
 You 'ave seen too long upon the publick stage;
 'Tis time at last, great Sir! 't is time to see
 Their tragick follies brought to comedy.
 If any blame the lowness of our scene, 5
 We humbly think some persons there have been
 On the world's theatre not long ago,
 Much more too high, than here they are too low.
 And well we know that Comedy of old
 Did her plebeian rank with so much honour hold, 10
 That it appear'd not then too base or light
 For the great Scipio's conqu'ring hand to write.
 Howe'er, if such mean persons seem too rude,
 When into royal presence they intrude,
 Yet we shall hope a pardon to receive 15
 From you, a Prince so practis'd to forgive;
 A Prince who, with th' applause of earth and heav'n,
 The rudeness of the vulgar has forgiv'n. 18

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